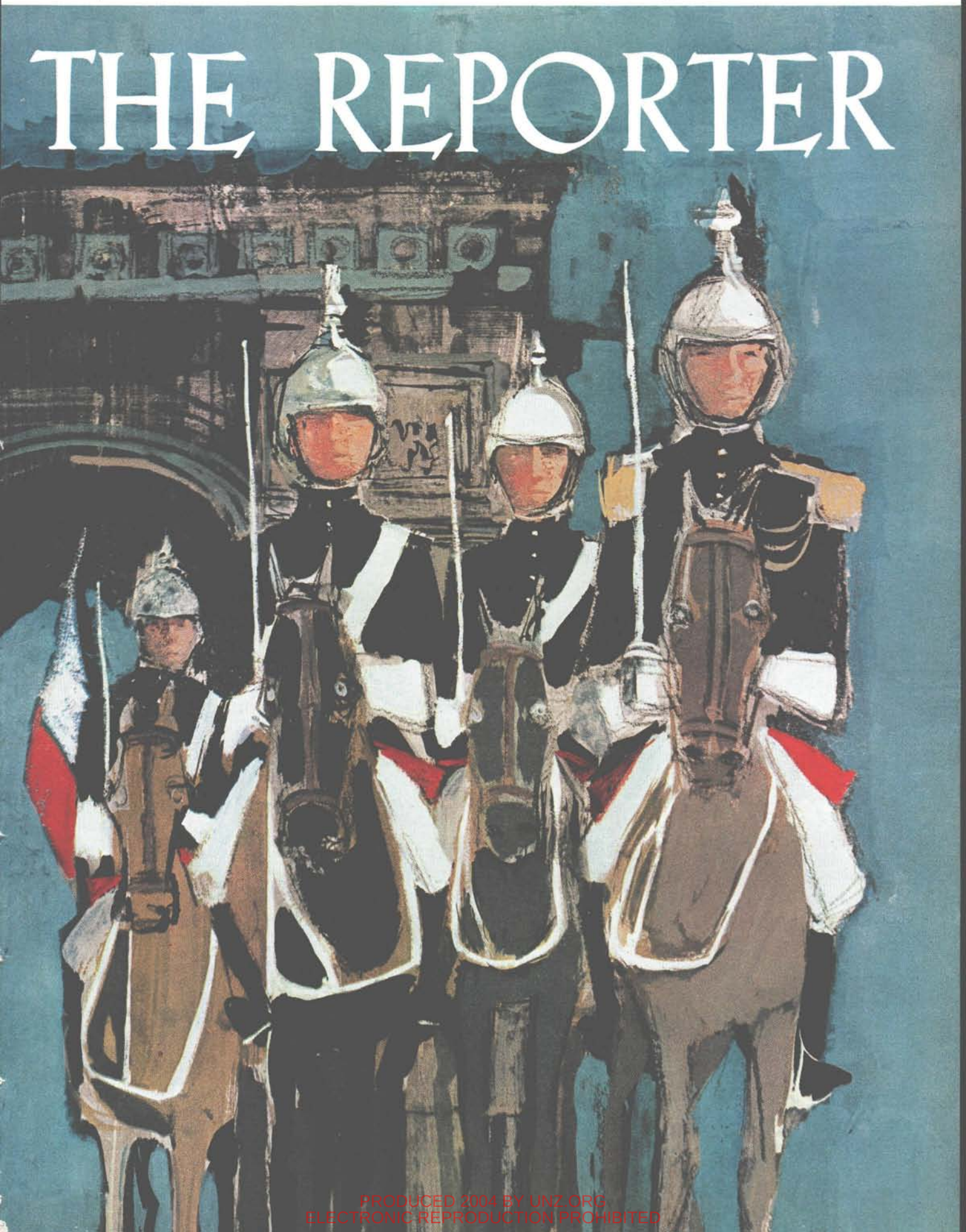
De Gaulle or Chaos

February 18, 1960 25¢

'A Plea to the President' by G. MENNEN WILLIAMS

THE REPORTER



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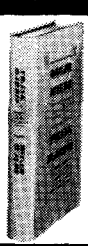
$1 

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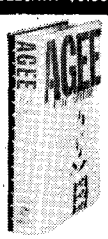

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Humphrey Misses a Deadline

A year or so ago, when Premier Khrushchev granted Senator Hubert Humphrey one of the longest interviews on record, it seemed possible that relations between these two ebullient men might blossom into something approaching friendship. Expectations faded when a few months later Khrushchev saw fit to declare, "It is laughable to suppose that I could have confidential relations with a man who boasted of his twenty-year-long fight against Communists."

But some Soviet functionaries evidently pricked up their ears when last New Year's Day the Miami *News* carried an article written by the senator entitled "The Road of Peace or the Road of War." Tass dispatched by radio-telegraph to Europe a lengthy analysis that included this among its hopeful if misleading interpretations: "Humphrey makes no secret of the fact that he is worried over the fate of the time-worn and obsolete capitalist system since the ideas of Communism are increasingly being taken over by the peoples fighting for their liberation." Tass concluded: ". . . [Humphrey's] renouncement of the Western propaganda bogey of 'military threats of Communism,' his appeals for businesslike co-operation with the Soviet Union and other socialist nations represent a realistic appraisal of the new balance of power in the world arena."

On January 14, the same day Khrushchev delivered his troop-reduction speech to the Supreme Soviet, Humphrey's office received a telegram from Boris G. Strelnikov, New York correspondent for *Pravda*, inviting an article on the senator's "reactions." Humphrey, though more than usually busy with his chores as a Presidential candidate, prepared and, on January 26, dispatched his article. Though couched in friendly terms, it took issue with Mr. Khrushchev on a number of points ranging from the condition of American workers to the conditions of disarmament inspection. Humphrey closed by calling for "thousands and thousands" of Soviet tourists to visit this country every year. "We want to welcome you into our homes and show you American family life," he said.

Evidently the deadline demands of the Soviet press, even a Moscow daily paper, are more urgent than we had realized. In fact, they seem to be retroactive. Always in the past, "news" according to Soviet definition was capable of being stored up indefinitely for publication at the opportune time. But the other day, Senator Humphrey received a brief letter from Mr. Strelnikov noting that he had expected a reply "which would have been published at the time the troop reduction question was being dealt with in my paper." He returned the manuscript with the gentle firmness that an editor uses toward an unsuccessful contributor: "I am very sorry indeed, for in view of the time which has now elapsed I can no longer hope to have your statement published."

The Next in Line

At long last the thirty-year-old personal dictatorship of Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina in the Dominican Republic may be nearing its end. The pastoral letter signed by six Roman Catholic bishops confirms previous reports that the aging dictator, who now governs through the nominal presidency of his youngest brother, Héctor, has become so nervous about the stability of his régime that he ordered thousands of Dominican citizens arrested on charges of revolutionary conspiracy. The bishops indicate the extent

SNUG HARBOR

"Palm Beach has a new crop of 'unmentionables.' Wealthy Cubans, who used to entertain lavishly aboard their yachts . . . are not only keeping out of sight . . . but they beg reporters and friends not to mention their names or their yachts. . . ."—Society column by Ventura in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Don't tell
Fidel,
Don't tell the boys with the hair—
We're going to lie low 'til the criminals go;
It's better up here than there.

Don't tell
Fidel,
We like it up here with our friends—
Revolts are revolting so that's why we're bolting,
And yachts are the means to our ends.

Do tell
Fidel:
When Havana gets too hot,
The perfect place to shave his face
Is this delightful spot.

—SEC

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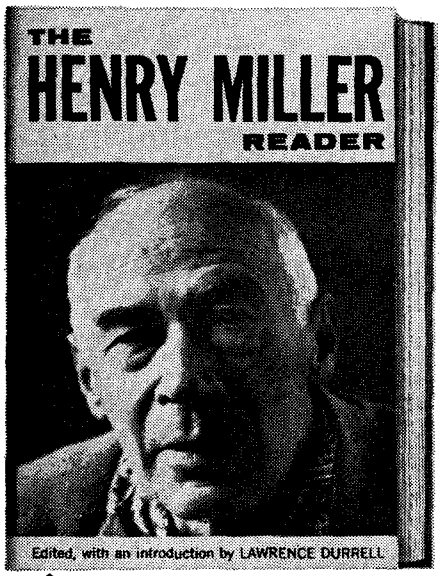

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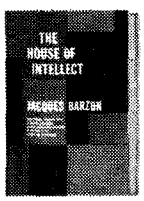

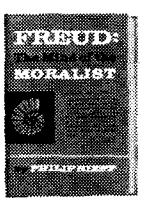

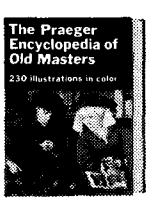

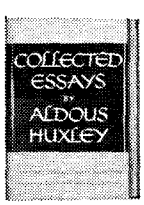

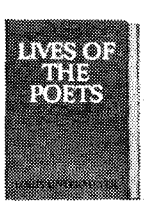

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of the unrest by referring to the "pall of sadness" that was cast over the Church's festivities, and they affirm that "we cannot remain indifferent about the grievous blow that has afflicted a good many Dominican homes."

Trujillo has never hesitated to wipe out individual opponents, but no such desperate measures on a mass scale have ever been necessary before. The reason for his concern may be found in the types of Dominican citizens who have been imprisoned. Reports have named physicians, lawyers, engineers, businessmen, and a society woman, all well-known members of the Dominican professional and upper class.

Not so long ago Trujillo's régime rested on the support of just such people. The business and professional groups were relatively insignificant when Trujillo took power and they became an appreciable force only as a result of the economic boom after the Second World War. The middle class was persuaded that it owed its existence to Trujillo, and it was willing to let him rule the country as a private fief as long as he maintained "order." But drought, low export prices, and excessive armament purchases have recently taken the steam out of the boom, and for the first time in more than twenty years the country's economy is in serious trouble.

Nevertheless, the strain on the Dominican economy can hardly account for the breach that has opened between the dictator and so many of his formerly loyal subjects. It may well be that the physicians, lawyers, engineers, and businessmen are no longer content to be grateful to Trujillo for their existence; they have reached a point of maturity of wanting to become self-respecting. If so, the wave of arrests in the Dominican Republic cannot prevent Trujillo's downfall. As the bishops have said of the "excesses" of Trujillo's régime, they can "only bring harm to those who commit them."

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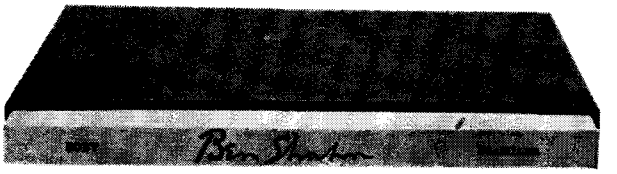

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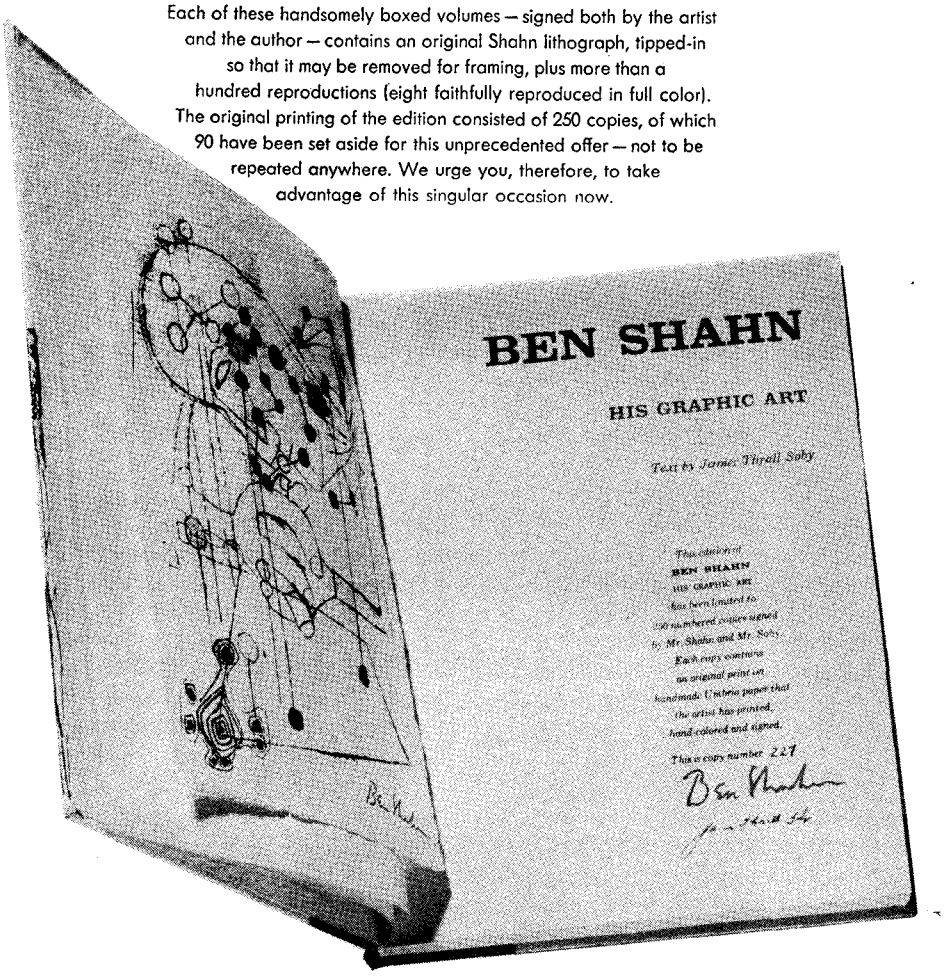

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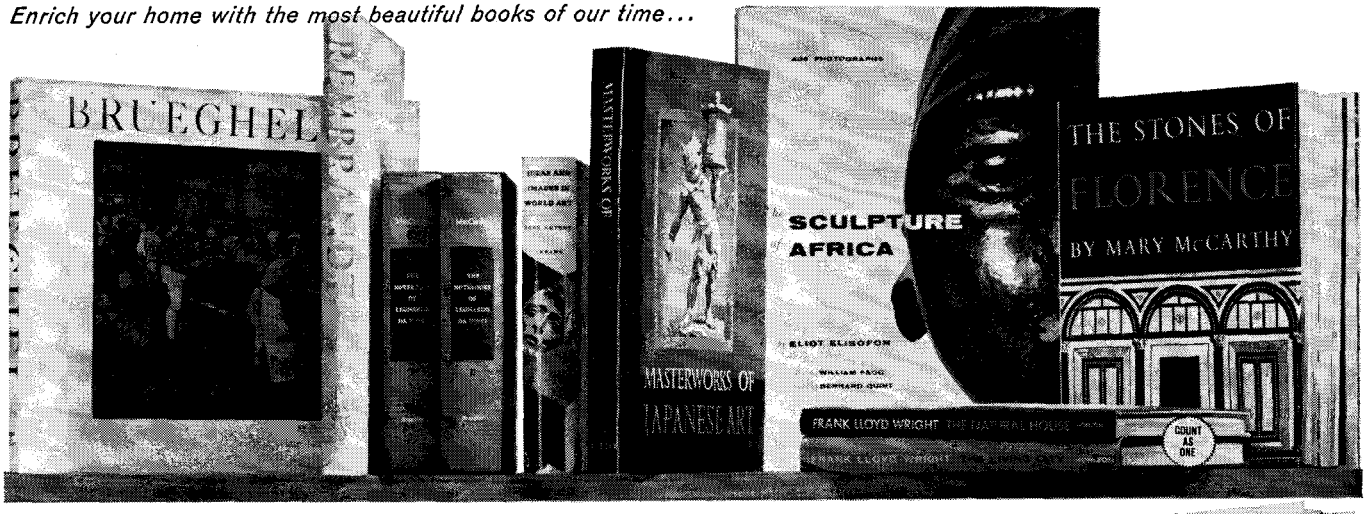

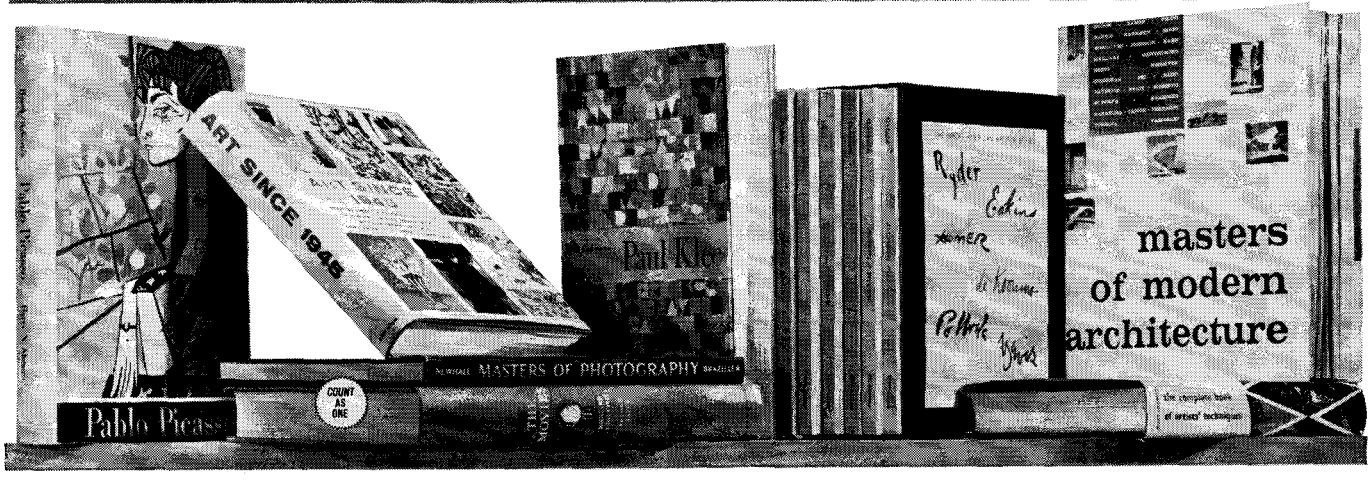

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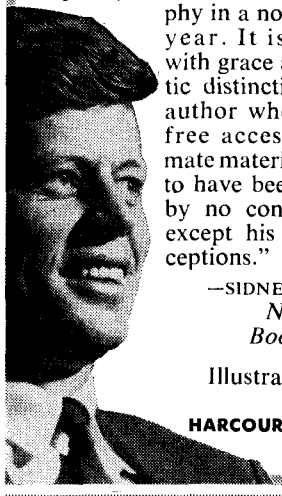

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and the students. Would integration lower the standards of the formerly all-white schools? Would it make a significant difference in the progress of the Negro students? And if any changes took place, to what should they be attributed?

Fortunately, Frank H. Stallings, Coordinator of Elementary Student Teaching at the University of Louisville, has now given us some relevant data. The elementary schools in Louisville, Kentucky, a city of about 400,000, were integrated in the fall of 1956. Two months later, a number of tests were given to several thousand Negro and white pupils in the second, sixth, and eighth grades. These tests were repeated in March, 1958.

The results showed, according to Dr. Stallings, that "neither the white pupils nor the Negro pupils suffered during the initial period of integration but instead there were substantial gains. The gains made by Negro pupils were greater than those made by whites." Dr. Stallings also points out: "There were significant gains for the whites whether they were in schools with only a very few Negroes enrolled or with a substantial per cent of Negro pupils."

Dr. Stallings attributes the improvement of both Negroes and whites to the changed attitudes of the students and teachers. In seventy-five interviews with supervisors, principals, teachers, and students, he found that only one person felt that integration had had a negative effect on pupils or teachers.

Dr. Stallings cautions that the "climate of feeling" in Louisville was favorable, though not ideal, for school integration, and he reserves judgment on the question of whether the same results could be obtained under less favorable conditions. Nevertheless, we now have some evidence that school integration may help everyone and hurt no one—among people of good will.

These Things Were Said

¶ President Will Delay Choice of a Candidate Until Summer—*Headline in the New York Times, February 1.*

¶ Dr. Hilda Taba, Professor of Education at San Francisco State University . . . who polled educators in seven industrial and seven suburban areas, reported that the "emphasis on programs for gifted students" in science and mathematics was often "destructive to group relations."

She held that such specialized training "conflicts with the stress on human relations and social development." She maintained that special classes for gifted youngsters created "the kind of competition . . . which is detrimental to human relations."—*New York Times.*

¶ James R. Durfee, chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, testified today that three trips he took as guest of commercial airlines were part of his official duty "to promote aviation." . . . Mr. Durfee said the C.A.B. is directed by law to help aviation grow, as well as to interpret laws and regulations governing the industry. He was acting in this "promotion" capacity, he said, when he was the guest of air lines on a week-end golfing trip to Pinehurst, N.C., and on new-service inaugural flights to Mexico City and Rome.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

¶ What was the reason for such an abrupt turnabout? Why did Rockefeller suddenly declare his withdrawal from the game after starting up an election campaign? . . . Rockefeller has proved to be so isolated from his people that he has not seen the very deep changes produced among American voters by N.S. Khrushchev's visit to America and by the U.S.S.R.'s sincere efforts toward eradicating international tension.—*Pravda, quoted in the Current Digest of the Soviet Press.*

¶ MR. DIRKSEN. . . . But I should say to the distinguished Senator from Missouri, Mr. President, that it is not necessary for him to speak of the minority leader as being "glib"; he does not have to speak about the "adroitness" of the minority leader; he does not have to speak about "the customary way in which the minority leader goes about it."

. . . Mr. President, I resent the making of any such statements for the Record. I do not say such things about any other Senator, and I think the Senator from Missouri has spoken in violation of the rule.

MR. HENNINGS. Then, Mr. President, may I say that the distinguished minority leader is not glib, and he is not adroit.—*The Congressional Record.*

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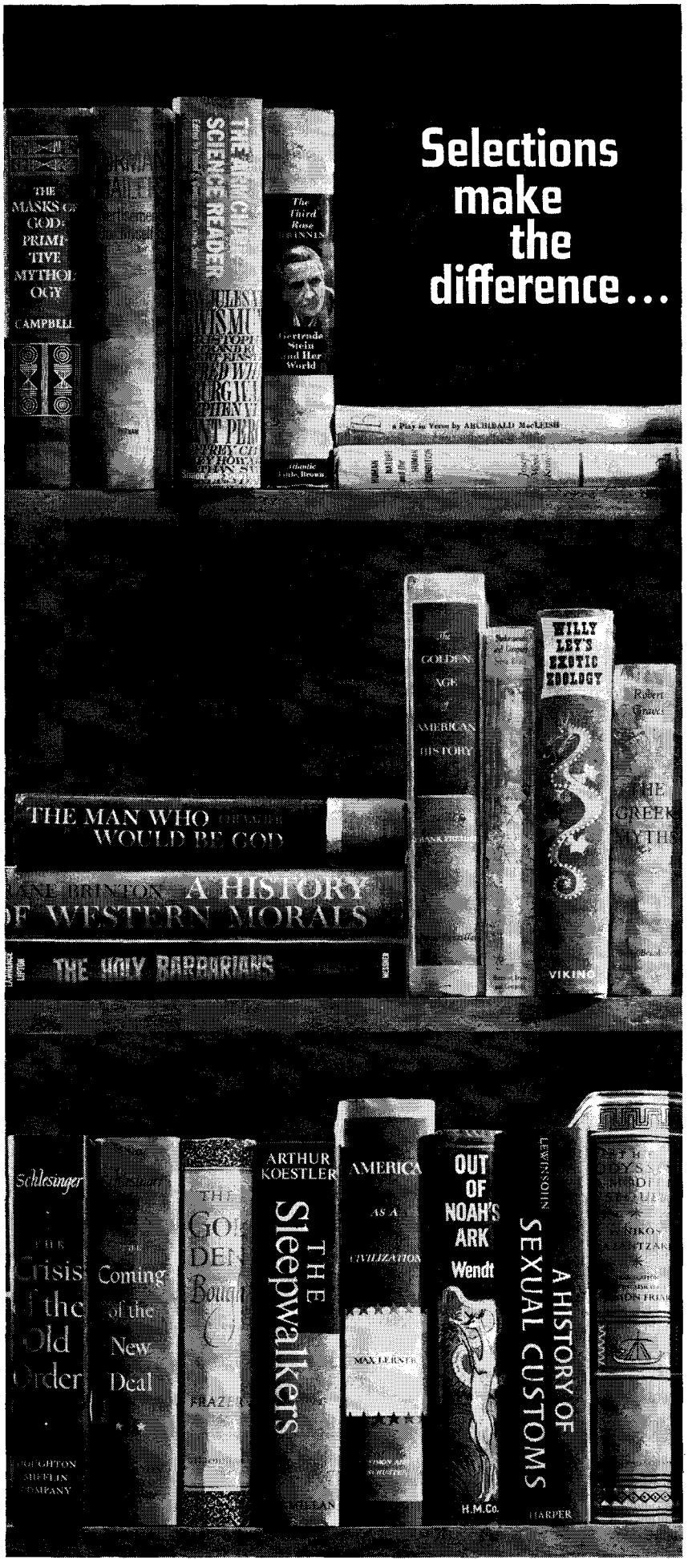

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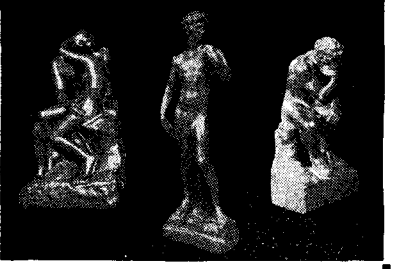

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SEC AND MISS MANNES

To the Editor: Sec's poem "Swastika" (*The Reporter*, January 21) is a vivid interpretation of that symbol of hatred. In it, the revolting spider, crawling and spawning, might well be taken for hatred itself.

The poet cries out for the "implacable wrath" wherewith to kill it. In so doing, Sec's very insights concerning hatred are forgotten. For hatred spawns by generating revenge.

GEORGE B. FIELD
Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor: Marya Mannes deserves the thanks of all lovers of New York. "The New York I Know: II. Central Park" (*The Reporter*, January 21) accomplished the impossible; it outdid her first article. Miss Mannes's picture of Central Park captures exactly a feeling of regret for the loss of the Park's onetime beauty, mingled with love for the beauty that remains, even if it must be seen from a distance.

What has happened to Central Park and the West Seventies has unfortunately happened to the rest of this city as well, but Miss Mannes has seen that, existing above (or below) the crust of dirt of all kinds, there is still something that makes New York unique, and gives its residents their peculiar loyalty to it. They are all waiting for someone to scrape away the crust in reality, as Miss Mannes's articles have done in print.

SUSAN HEIMANN
New York

To the Editor: Marya Mannes's perceptive and passionate reports call up pictures of the proud city of a generation ago when it was safe to walk the side streets at night; when even the slums had a colorful gaiety, as though aware of the new life that lay at their threshold.

VIOLA L. HUTCHINSON
Wallingford, Vermont

TEACHING JOURNALISM

To the Editor: Alfred Friendly's "Can Journalism Be Taught?" (*The Reporter*, January 7) is important for at least two reasons, the first of which is Mr. Friendly himself. Too rarely do the leading editors of the nation's press (and even more rarely the publishers thereof) address themselves thoughtfully to the subject of this article.

There is need for much improvement, possibly even sweeping reform, in education for journalism. There is far too great a spread between the best schools and the poorest, and there are too many of the latter, too few of the former. Further, there are no ready means by which the uninitiated—the prospective student, for instance—can distinguish between the good and the bad, for they all tend to look alike in

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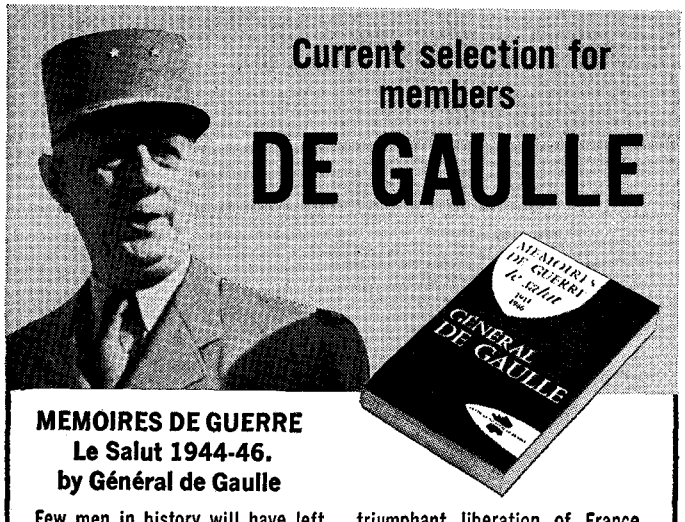

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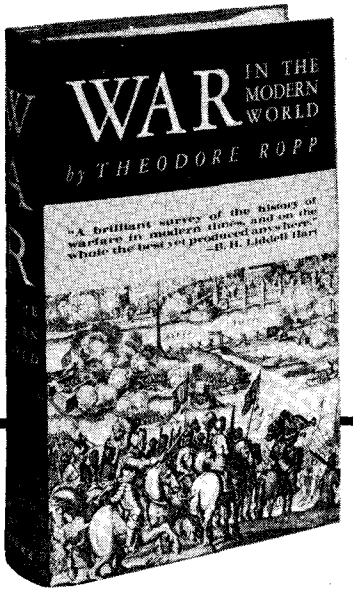

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the catalogues. Journalism educators cannot by themselves bring about the needed improvement. That's why it's important that a man like Al Friendly gives serious thought to the matter and puts himself on record.

A second reason for the importance of the article is the fact that it is more sympathetic to journalism schools, showing more understanding of their methods, goals, and problems, than might have been expected of a man who as recently as November, 1958 (at a meeting of Associated Press managing editors), had nothing good at all to say about them. This suggests the possibility that Mr. Friendly made further inquiry in preparation for writing his article for *The Reporter*.

Editors should be the severest critics of journalism schools, but they should also be the staunchest champions of the *idea* of the journalism school.

CHARLES T. DUNCAN
Dean, School of Journalism
University of Oregon
Eugene

To the Editor: Alfred Friendly's point (if, perhaps, a sore one) was well taken. As a senior majoring in journalism I have been subjected to a good deal more of "how to" instruction than I deem necessary or desirable. Granted that some journalism courses are well taught and valuable, and some, such as history of the press and law of the press, are worthwhile indeed, I still see little need or room for such things as typography, copyreading, or headline writing. In teaching such technical skills, the school of journalism lowers itself to the level of a vocational-trades institute and robs the student of time that could more profitably be spent studying history, political science, or literature. Such minor tricks of the trade and "how to" skills can be learned in a few months on any newspaper.

WILLIAM C. CALLAHAN, JR.
Michigan State University
East Lansing

To the Editor: Many thanks to Alfred Friendly, who is certainly one of America's more perceptive and sensible editors, for the article on journalism education. As one of the journalism professors involved, I believe his over-all judgment of the educational needs of journalism students is sound; and that by and large his evaluation of journalism education today is accurate.

This all does not mean that the large university journalism factories cannot, or in fact do not now, turn out some excellent material—willy-nilly they do. But as Mr. Friendly states, the direction today is wrong, and the widest possible airing of his eminently constructive criticism will do both education and the practice of journalism a great deal of good.

BROOKS W. HAMILTON
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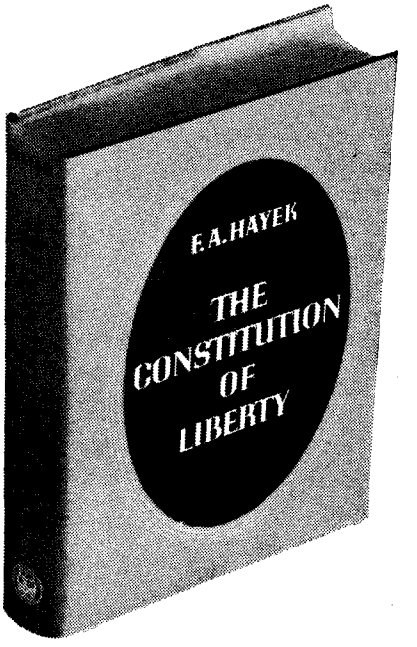

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To the Editor: Mr. Friendly is right: the best training for a journalist is on a good paper. But the "good" papers have no room for beginners or at best will use them for several years as copy boys. I have been looking for a job. I have high ideals of eventual international work. Can I get a position that will use any or all of my training or talents. No, city editors tell me, why don't I get a few years' experience on a suburban or small-town daily and then try the big city?

It is on precisely these smaller papers, Mr. Friendly, that I will learn nothing *more* than the crafts which you don't think journalism courses should teach. What good is political science or sociology or a foreign language to someone writing up the latest street improvements?

MICHAEL ROSKIN
Berkeley, California

To the Editor: As an architect I found Alfred Friendly's article most interesting. Similar soul searching is now taking place in architectural education, where the most obvious deficiency is the traditional emphasis on training all architects to be designers. In a profession whose boundaries have widened to include many disciplines and responsibilities, the traditional architectural curriculum is woefully inadequate.

Mr. Friendly deplores "contrived specialties" in the teaching of journalism. His words could well have been directed at higher education in general. With enrollments mounting and space at a premium, we need to take an objective look at the list of offerings in all our institutions of higher learning.

WILLIAM LYMAN
Birmingham, Michigan

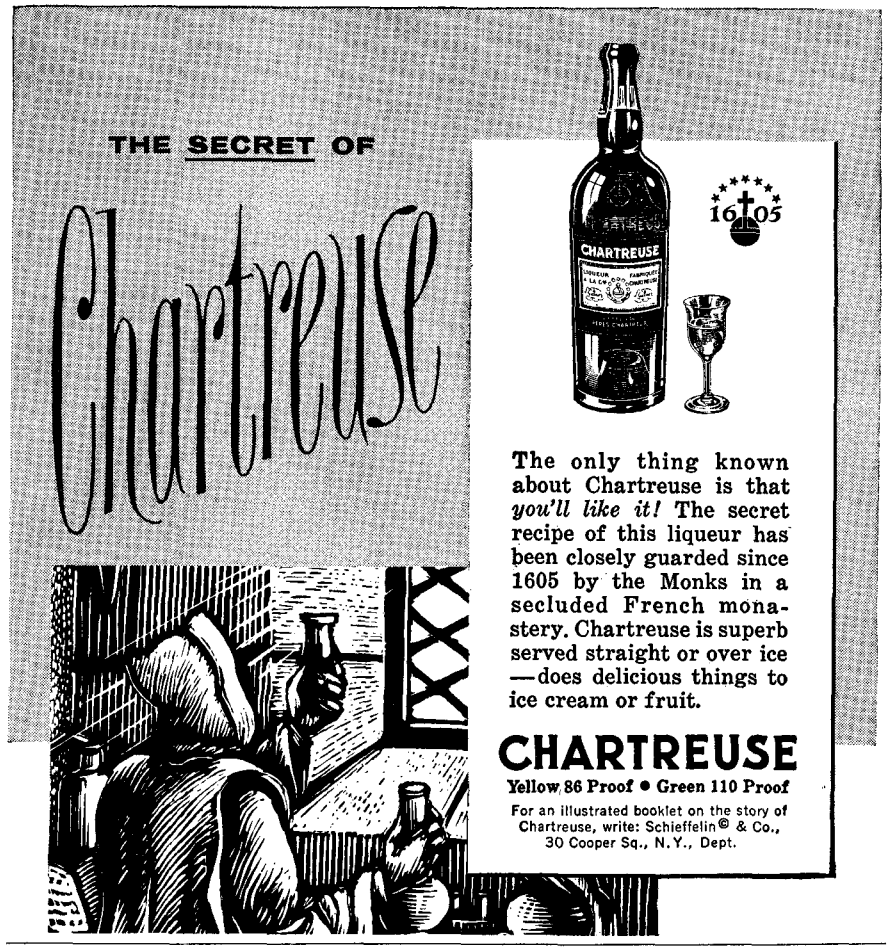
VIETNAM

To the Editor: I noted in the December 24, 1959, issue of your magazine your reference to my views on the foreign-aid program in Vietnam in which you say the United States aid program in Vietnam "has come under attack by Senators Gore and McGee on charges of waste and inefficiency."

The day after my return from Vietnam, I gave a statement to the press in which I said, "Our program [in Vietnam] is a good one, soundly conceived and soundly executed. It has encouraged the Vietnamese to take great strides."

As I also explained in the release, I was surprised and distressed with the association of my name with highly critical stories concerning the aid program in Vietnam that have appeared in the Scripps-Howard press and elsewhere since Senator Gore and I left that country December 9. Quite the contrary, what I saw in Vietnam was the most exciting and imaginative of any program we examined around the world.

GALE W. McGEE
U. S. Senate
Washington, D.C.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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

When French troops and die-hard French *colons* eyed each other uncertainly across the barricades on the rue Charles Péguy in Algiers, all nations anxiously followed the hourly deployment of those few hundred men. On the resolution of that small and dubious battle seemed to hang the fate of France—and not that of France alone. As **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, the whole arch of our democratic alliances rests heavily on France; and ever since de Gaulle began the work of rebuilding France, this magazine has been both hopeful and apprehensive about him—for what workman was ever called upon to make bricks with so little straw?

And yet de Gaulle has clearly made much progress. From Paris, our European correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** explains why an Algerian conspiracy could bring down the Fourth Republic in May, 1958, but could not topple the Fifth Republic in February, 1960. He refers to a book that has just been published by the Librairie Plon in Paris and has lived up to its title, *Secrets d'Etat* ("Secrets of State"), by a well-known French journalist, **J.-R. Tournoux.** From this book we have translated a section that describes the changing character of the French Army whose inchoate desperation brought de Gaulle to power in 1958 and which he has ever since been trying to bring under proper political control. And no time could be more appropriate than the present to obtain a more intimate close-up of the calm man at the center, Charles de Gaulle, **Edwin Newman,** Paris correspondent for NBC, tells how de Gaulle has lived and worked to become what he is.

The coalition of Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans against a strong civil-rights measure is beginning to crack, but **Governor G. Mennen Williams** of Michigan says that President Eisenhower can take Executive action in this field without waiting for the slower legislative process to catch up with our needs. . . . Some recent changes in the semantics of our defense policy have surprised us. Is there a "missile gap" or a "deterrent gap"? Should we estimate the enemy's "capabilities" or his "intentions"? No one can follow the most recent stage of the debate on our military policy without understanding why administration spokesmen have shifted from one set of terms to the other. Our guide to the perplexed in this sphere is **Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips** (U.S.A., Ret.), who as an instructor at the Command and General Staff College in the late 1930's headed a committee charged with rewriting the text of *Combat Orders* and devising a new approach to intelligence estimates. . . . An official report on education has become a best-seller in Britain. Why it made such a stir and what bearing it may have on British politics are dealt with by **Alastair Buchan,** director of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London. . . . **Denis Warner** is an Australian journalist who regularly covers the Far East. . . . **Virginia Held** is a member of our staff; our readers will recall her comprehensive report on juvenile delinquency, "What Can We Do About 'J.D.'?," in the August 20, 1959, issue of *The Reporter*.

There is much bitter truth contained in **George Steiner's** essay on the German language, which began to take shape in his mind during the year he spent as a Fulbright lecturer in Austria with frequent visits to Germany. As consistent friends of Adenauer's Germany, we are convinced that the harm Naziism has done to that nation must not be glossed over. Indeed, it is only by being fully aware of its past that Germany can be reborn as a truly new nation. . . . **Gerald Weales** is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. . . . In this issue we present the second in a series of puzzles by **Henry Allen,** the alias of two diabolical college professors. The solution to their first puzzle is on page 55. . . . **Roland Gelatt** edits *High Fidelity* and reports frequently on records for us. . . . **Marcus Cunliffe's** *George Washington: Man and Monument,* orginally brought out by Little, Brown in 1958, is being issued by the New American Library in a Mentor paperback. Mr. Cunliffe currently teaches at Harvard. . . . **Alfred Kazin,** poet, critic, and essayist, is co-editor of an anthology of Emerson, just published by Houghton Mifflin. . . . **Milton Mayer,** whose review of Roger Touhy's autobiography appears in this issue, won both the George Polk Memorial Award and the Benjamin Franklin Magazine Citation for his article "The Case of Roger Touhy," in *The Reporter* of November 17, 1955.

Our cover painting, of the Garde Républicaine in Paris, is by **Chet Kalm.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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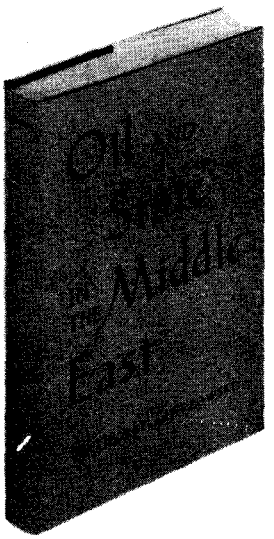

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MAX ASCOLI

De Gaulle the Indispensable

THE UNIQUE HOLD France has on all civilized men has once more made itself felt with agonizing poignancy. There is a quality of unbearable desolation in the idea that France is finished, or about to be finished, or has gone into a decay of dishonor and anarchy that could render it both powerless and voiceless. Whoever lived through those days of 1940 will never forget what was called "the fall of France."

This time, disaster was averted at what seemed to be the last moment, and once more thanks to Charles de Gaulle. Perhaps this man knows better how to make France than how to run it. But how many times can he save his country?

The latest crisis is not likely to be the last. To keep France whole, the indispensable man, aged sixty-nine, is spending himself with sustained, concentrated vigor. He is giving all he has to his country, and not to his country alone. Our nation is the major power of the West; yet can anyone conceive what would happen to our coalition and to our civilization should de Gaulle's France plunge into chaos? Or, for that matter, Konrad Adenauer's Germany?

Two men rule these nations—one old, the other very old—two patriarchs of superb intelligence and will power, who happen to be well above their people in terms of moral stature and of purposeful energy. They compensate for past and present deficiencies of their countrymen. There are still wide gashes in the social body of the French and of the German nation, deep, spiritual wounds that the two patriarchs are tirelessly attempting to cleanse and heal.

We Americans, on the contrary, are not suffering from a surfeit of greatness in our present and potential rulers. Our healthy and vigorous nation is busily going around with the lantern of Diogenes, trying to find a few or at least a couple of adequate leaders. We probably don't need men of de Gaulle's or of Adenauer's stature, and have done nothing so wrong as to deserve them. But certainly we can make the task of the two patriarchs considerably easier if we give ourselves leaders who fully realize the responsibilities our country has toward the other members of the Alliance.

CHARLES DE GAULLE, an immensely proud, imperious man, would never charge our government with the major share of guilt for creating the conditions that led to the latest French crisis. But *some* guilt our government has. Let's take the Suez episode, for instance. After the British and French paratroopers had already landed in Egypt and held victory within their grasp, our government joined forces with Soviet Russia against our two oldest allies. Both France and Britain, in entirely different ways, have never been the same since. Britain adopted our peacemongering with a vengeance—but toward Soviet Russia. In France the people, and above all the army, never have forgiven us.

After de Gaulle came to power and threw himself into the appallingly difficult task of restraining the army while giving self-determination to the Algerian Moslems, our government did not prove particularly helpful, or even friendly. Yet it should not have been difficult to understand what this incorrigible Jacobin, Charles de Gaulle, was and is trying to do: he questions the right of the armed rebel to represent the whole of Algeria and wants to give the Algerian people the privilege of expressing their wishes by ballot.

But our government, so devoted to the theory of no-force when a friendly nation resorts to arms, seems more lenient when force is used by rebels against this same nation. Or perhaps our government does not know what it thinks. Recently, when a resolution was voted at the U.N. in support of the Algerian rebels, our delegation did not vote yes, did not vote no. Our delegation abstained.

Now that we have been reminded how much we depend on France, we should realize how dangerous it is to let our allies down. We did it with France yesterday and may do it with Germany tomorrow. True, these two allies are difficult to deal with, particularly since they are led by men dominated by a tragic sense of their nation's history. These men lead bitter countries tormented by the memory of past deeds or misdeeds—countries that are fiercely independent, and whose support we need. We seem ever ready now to negotiate with our potential enemies. Could we not give some evidence of patience, of understanding, in working with our friends?

OF ALL the allied leaders, none demands more of our understanding and patience than the greatest of them all, Charles de Gaulle. But greatness should not be a cause for resentment or diffidence. Neither should it blunt our capacity for criticism. De Gaulle is a man of another era, even for his own country. He combines the qualities of Abraham Lincoln and Douglas MacArthur: the vision, the boundless dedication to duty of the one; the bearing, the military talent of the other. It is not only the French people who need him. Can we conceive of the coming summit meeting without de Gaulle?

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This Time It Was Different

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

ON ONE of the blackest days of the recent French crisis, shortly before General de Gaulle's decisive television appeal to the nation, the studiously neutral tones of the government radio commentator became so unbearably reminiscent of old betrayals and catastrophes that I switched off the program in the middle of a news bulletin from Algiers. Preferring to take my poison neat, I walked across a capital outwardly so unconcerned that it seemed plunged in bovine apathy, to talk to a right-wing politician who earlier had openly manifested his sympathy with the insurgents in what it was then becoming fashionable to call the Algerian Alcázar. To my surprise, he seemed as dubious about their prospects as some nominal government supporters sounded about those of the Fifth Republic. "On the surface there is a strong resemblance between the present situation and that after May 13, 1958," he explained. "But there is also a big difference that I fear my friends in Algiers do not yet realize. Today the great majority of the French people actively support the régime."

At the time it took a trained politician's eye to recognize the symptoms of a gathering ground swell, but as the crisis moved toward its climax there was an increasingly evident emergence throughout the nation of a kind of grass-roots democratic "activism" reacting to the challenge of fascist activism and responding to the leadership of General de Gaulle. By irresistible pressure from below, the masses of the French citizenry obliged their often wavering or fence-sitting deputies, senators, mayors, municipal councilors, and party bosses to stand up and be counted for the republic in the informal national roll call that de Gaulle had asked for in order to impress the generals. When a national council of former Finance Minister Antoine Pinay's Independents voted an anti-de Gaulle resolution, the reaction from party members and supporters in the provinces was so violent that within twenty-four hours a retraction had to be published; and Senator Roger Duchet, party secretary and previously one of the key spokesmen of the Algerian lobby in France, found it advisable to announce his resignation from the notorious Rassemblement Pour l'Algérie Française that he had founded a few months earlier with the help of former Premier Georges Bidault. Volunteer committees sprang up across the country to mobilize opinion behind de Gaulle in defense of the republic, and Frenchmen of all ages in offices, factories, and schools, forgetting traditional ideological differences, united spontaneously to draft letters or telegrams of confidence that poured into the Elysée Palace by the hundreds of thousands.

With scientific precision, 1,426 engineers and technicians from the big Saclay atomic-energy center near Paris assured de Gaulle that he could count on them, while a similar message from the state higher normal school for young girls was signed "All members of the teaching, administrative, and managerial staffs minus one." "With you it's freedom and the Republic; against

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you it's chaos or fascism," read one message that summed up the national consensus.

THE ROLE of youth organizations and young people generally in this startling renascence of French democracy under the Fifth Republic was particularly striking. In the old Breton capital of Rennes, university students with the approval of the local authorities organized volunteer squads to cleanse the city's public monuments of the slogans and the so-called Celtic crosses—the circle-cross symbol of the Algerian insurgents which they boast is "older than the swastika"—scrawled on them under cover of darkness by local members of the fascist underground. Democratic student groups likewise stopped dead the efforts of a handful of right-wing agitators to organize a pro-insurgent demonstration at the Sorbonne. Finally it was the National Students' Federation—apparently with the discreet encouragement of the Elysée—that took the initiative of bringing together on neutral ground the leaders of the Socialist, Catholic, and Communist national labor organizations, along with the teachers' unions and several minor labor bodies, to agree on parallel and concerted action in support of de Gaulle.

The resultant accord, avoiding at least some of the perils of a Popular Front, was expressed in the symbolic one-hour general strike of more than twelve million French workers on February 1 and in the pledge of every significant labor organization in the country to join immediately in an all-out general strike in case a coup was attempted in mainland France. In May, 1958, Interior Minister Jules Moch attempted a similar mobilization of French labor to bolster the tottering Fourth Republic, but its effectiveness was crippled from the start, mainly by the common-sense refusal of rank-and-file French workers to view de Gaulle's return as a threat to democratic liberties. This time they have no doubts about the nature of the threat—and they know de Gaulle is on their side.

While the working accord between Communist and non-Communist labor organizations—which apparently extends from the factory to the national-headquarters level—is the single most momentous political development to emerge from the French crisis, it is only part of a broader pattern. The fact is that the Algerian insurrection and its suppression have provoked a radical, almost revolutionary modification of

the French political climate, eliminating many of the problems and perils that have beset the country in recent years but at the same time creating new ones. To understand both how the change came about and what it implies, it is useful to turn back to the beginning of January.

Pressure Builds Up

In the first days of 1960 General de Gaulle's personal prestige had reached its lowest point since his return to power, and the political institutions set up by the constitution he had sponsored seemed stricken with paralysis. Instead of functioning as a link between the presidency and parliament, the government appeared to be simply a barrier between de Gaulle and the people. A misguided attempt on de Gaulle's part to appease the most reactionary wing of his majority over the issue of state aid to religious schools merely resulted in alienating the régime's Socialist and liberal support. The general made no secret of his disgust. In some circles it was widely believed that, repeating the pattern of 1946, de Gaulle would announce his retirement when he returned from a week of rest and meditation in the south.

Several kindly souls decided to speed the general on his way or, if he could not be induced to give up power, at least to exploit his supposed demoralization to make him abandon his self-determination policy for Algeria. A few days after Pinay's break with de Gaulle over relatively secondary issues of economic policy in mid-January, a French editor with highly conservative business and political associations let me in on a big secret: "You may find it hard to believe," he said, "but quite a few people are beginning to talk of Pinay as a possible successor to de Gaulle. Pinay himself is very conscious of this possibility."

Overlooking Pinay's well-known "liberal" position on the Algerian question, the dominant Algérie Française faction of the Independents headed by Senator Duchet staged a noisy public reconciliation with their former leader and under his mild bourgeois banner joined the Algerian bloc and the right-wing extremists in opposition. For the first time since the founding of the Fifth Republic the Debré government was threatened with a hostile majority in the National Assembly.

Simultaneously, some military leaders in Algeria—with high-level civilian support in Paris—launched their own psychological and political campaign against their commander in chief, or at least against his Algerian policy. Certain of these officers eventually demonstrated that they were in their fashion loyal to de Gaulle—paratroop general Jacques Massu, whose outrageous interview with a West German correspondent set off the crisis, is a case in point. Others had no idea of seizing power, but, as political commentator Jacques Fauvet remarked in *Le Monde* at the end of the Algerian insurrection, "Everything happened as if the demonstrations had been allowed to develop—and in certain cases even provoked—in order to put pressure on the general and force him to modify his [self-determination for Algeria] policy of September 16."

Some military elements both in Algeria and in mainland France had more revolutionary aims. One army faction which exploited and at

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the same time was exploited by the "loyal" army malcontents and by the right-wing parliamentary opposition was in contact with a shadowy but all too real conspiratorial body known simply as the "Praesidium"—a kind of clandestine co-ordinating committee headed by a retired general pulling strings above a number of ultranationalist or fascist organizations.

Les Nouveaux Cagoulards

The existence of such a subversive nerve center, descended spiritually and perhaps even structurally from the prewar terrorist league popularly known as the Cagoulards, had long been suspected. But the first plausibly documented account of it was published last month in a book entitled *Secrets d'Etat,* by a well-known Gaullist newspaperman, J.-R. Tournoux.

According to the Tournoux book, which has been a significant factor in awakening French opinion during the crisis, the Praesidium played a key role in organizing the May 13 uprising in Algiers, although it was outwitted at the last moment by the Gaullist conspirators with whom it had co-operated. Among the personalities Tournoux identified as members or agents of the Praesidium in 1958 were Robert Martel, the Algerian *colon* leader who helped Deputy Pierre Lagaillarde organize the recent insurrection; Yves Gignac, head of the dangerous parliamentary forces composed of ex-paratroopers and Indo-China veterans; the notorious Dr. Martin, a picturesque professional conspirator since his Cagoulard days; and General Max-Lionel Chassin, former air force general and organizer of the first "Maquis" on the mainland in 1958.

Some members and "correspondents" of the Praesidium are monarchists. Others are relatively apolitical army officers reacting against the humiliation of Dienbienphu and the abortive Suez expedition, and haunted by an apocalyptic vision of Communism as an all-pervasive influence gnawing at the heart of French society while waging subversive warfare against Christian civilization through the North African nationalist movements. A few elements in the Praesidium—especially in Algeria—are out-and-out racists or fascists. But the dominant ideological orientation is toward a clerical corporate state on the Salazar model in Portugal—with strong overtones of Pétain's Vichy.

This was the type of régime, headed by one of its members or by some ultraconservative general in whom it has confidence, that the Praesidium hoped to establish in 1958. It remained the basic pattern for the Sixth Republic the conspirators hoped to set up when they gathered in a Left Bank flat a few months ago to plot the overthrow of de Gaulle.

How directly the Praesidium was involved in the recent Algerian insurrection has not yet been revealed. It certainly was not the only subversive group involved in the Algerian affair. Just as certainly it played a major role in creating the psychological climate needed for the insurrection and in exploiting it to undermine the régime at home—thereby inadvertently helping de Gaulle to galvanize a democratic countermovement. For weeks before the insurrection, the Praesidium—sometimes with the help of ostensibly more reputable elements—conducted a venomous campaign of psychological "intoxication" against de Gaulle and the régime. In Algeria and throughout the army, rumors were planted that de Gaulle was engaged in secret political negotiations with the F.L.N. In Paris, political circles were tipped off that he was going to resign or was mortally ill or was about to set up a personal dictatorship. Businessmen were told that Pinay's departure meant ruin of the franc and the eventual abolition of private property in a national Communist régime. Allied diplomats—apparently a key target for the rightist Mafia—were warned that de Gaulle had made Khrushchev an offer that he would scuttle NATO in return for Communist support in North Africa or that he was going to bring the Communists into the government. The cumulative impact of this diplomatic smear campaign may account for the pointed lack of any public encouragement from the administration in Washington when de Gaulle had his back to the wall—a lack that was keenly felt here.

"The great technique," Tournoux explained in his book, "is to operate with anonymous documents citing precise details and based on careful references. These texts with a tendentious twist worked in are personally addressed to important figures in the army, press, administration, and parliament."

Much of the rightist subversive propaganda was aimed at the democratic principle itself. At a public meeting in Paris on January 12, organized by General Chassin and other rightist leaders, Georges Sauges, an army psychological-warfare consultant and leader of the right-wing Catholic "civic action" committees who is now in prison awaiting trial for sedition, described his "delectation" in reading Salazar. One of Sauges' assistants, after de-

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nouncing "liberals, technocrats, and progressives" as more dangerous even than Communists, went on to trace the decline of western civilization from the Rennaissance.

After the outbreak of the Algiers insurrection, the Vichyite-Franquist scent of the rightist propaganda became overpowering, and day by day it seemed to infect ever-widening circles of French society.

"The extraordinary discipline in Lagaillarde's camp recalls the cadets of the Alcázar in Toledo," declared Marc Lauriol, a comparatively moderate deputy from Algiers during a public interview held in the lobby of the French National Assembly.

A few days later the Alcázar catchword was picked up by Paul Delouvrier, de Gaulle's delegate general in Algeria, in his slightly hysterical radio announcement that he was moving his headquarters out of the city. "The man has lost his mind!" exclaimed a liberal French friend when she heard the broadcast relayed from Paris. "This has got to stop."

A Prisoner Goes Free

Without the inspiration of de Gaulle's leadership, without his imperturbable calm in the moment of crisis and his almost Biblical refusal to be diverted from the straight path of duty by the threats of his enemies or the supplications of faint-hearted friends, the popular anti-fascist reflex would have been no more than a helpless twitching. But with de Gaulle setting the example and pointing the way, it unleashed a tremendous political and psychological force that the general deftly exploited on the nation's behalf. De Gaulle's obvious difficulty in getting his orders carried out helped win over many French liberals and Socialists who had been sulking in their tents since the collapse of the Fourth Republic.

"I used to think that de Gaulle was too weak in tackling the Algerian problem," one left-wing anti-Gaullist intellectual told me, "but now I see what he was up against."

"I don't care much for generals," a hard-bitten old anarchist said, "but this one is different."

In this euphoric atmosphere, reminiscent of the Liberation, there seemed to be no basis for fears current among western observers that even if de Gaulle succeeded in restoring order in Algiers he would emerge gravely weakened from the trial of strength with the army. In many respects de Gaulle's political position is stronger than it was two months ago, and the nation itself may be healthier. It is not so much that the popular majority supporting de Gaulle and the régime has shifted toward the Left as that the president is at last able to arbitrate between two political forces instead of being the prisoner of one of them.

PARADOXICALLY, it is in respect to Algerian policy that de Gaulle's position has been strengthened the most. Few of the generals in Algeria have been won over to unqualified support of the self-determination policy, but they have been inoculated through mild exposure against the temptations of conspiracy and rebellion. They are unlikely to attempt another test of strength in the near future. The really dangerous elements—mostly officers of Massu's staff—will now rapidly be transferred to less critical spots or even eliminated from the army. The contrast between the reactions of the paratroop units with their special *mystique* and those of the line infantry units, composed mainly of draftees, was sharp enough to give any would-be military adventurers reason for reflection.

The reactions of the Moslem masses, whose unresponsiveness was a major factor in the collapse of insurgents' morale, has also greatly impressed the French command in Algeria. The obstacles to a cease-fire with the Moslem rebels are now probably less serious than they have ever been—on the French side. If the F.L.N. wants peace and a fair plebiscite, it can have them. If it tries to exploit the resurgence of the French Left in order to wring new concessions from de Gaulle it will run into the same stone wall that the insurgent generals did.

In purely domestic terms, de Gaulle's position has also greatly improved, but here the picture is more complicated. Much will depend on finding the right mixture of energy and caution in punishing the conspirators and culling out the *fainthearts or appeasers in the army*, administration, and government.

Maintaining permanent contact with reawakened French opinion is another problem facing de Gaulle. In the opinion of many French political analysts, the special powers voted to the government by parliament early this month are more likely to be a hindrance than a help in this respect.

FINALLY, there is the knotty problem of relations with the Communists, who are naturally making propaganda out of their new role as crypto-Gaullists and defenders of republican legality. The weakened and discredited Communist Party of today is not the revolutionary threat it was just after the Liberation, but it can still fan the embers of civil war which de Gaulle has not yet completely extinguished. The Praesidium and other right-wing conspiracies that have been a cancerous growth in the French body politic for three decades have not been extirpated, and nothing is so likely to renew their virulence as Communist provocations. The path before de Gaulle is clear at last, but it is still dangerously narrow and there are terrible precipices on both sides.

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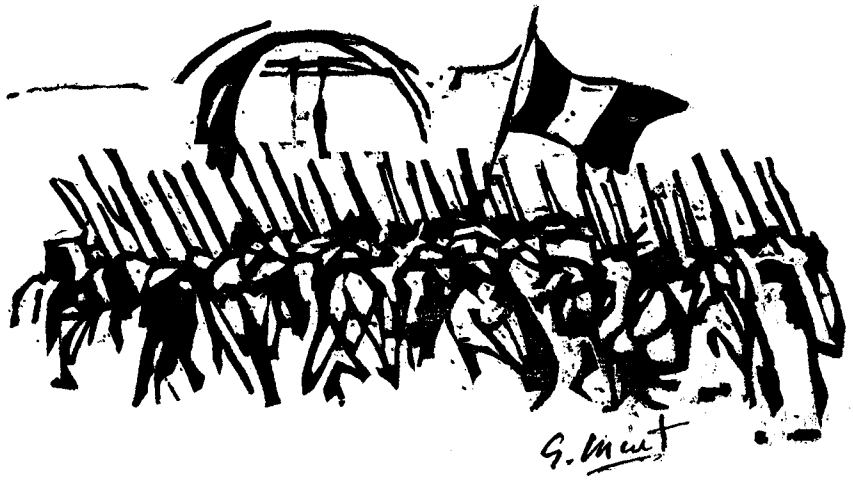

A Proletarian Army

J.-R. TOURNOUX

It would be a mistake to suppose that the French Army of Algeria is in the service of the *colons*. Just as de Gaulle cares for France more than he does for the French, the army cares for French Algeria more than for the Frenchmen of Algeria. It watches them exploiting the native workers and its indignation knows no bounds. An outraged colonel said this: "When wage increases are ordered they simply are not applied. A firm I know dismissed all its workmen. I went to the manager: 'You're crazy,' I told him; 'you're doing a recruiting job for the rebels.' What did he answer? 'Don't get excited,' he said; 'in a few days they'll be back asking me to let them work at the old rate.' "

The military feel that the Algerian French are still living in the Middle Ages and that they are doing great harm to France. Yet the military cannot face the idea of firing on them.

Is this a praetorian army? No. It is a proletarian army, or at least an army that is being proletarianized. By and large, it is opposed to capitalism, trusts, big business, and the oil interests. The officer corps is no longer a caste; it has become a class, very close to the French working class. This new French Army is no longer the army of the Dreyfus Affair, or the army that for years stood guard along the Vosges Mountains waiting to avenge itself on Germany, or the army that marched off into the First World War in dress uniform and white gloves. It is much more like the army of the French Revolution that fought and stood firm at Valmy.

Its composition has changed entirely since 1940. In the first place, the command is no longer replenished by a constant flow of officers' sons following in their fathers' footsteps. The army career no longer appeals as it once did either to the aristocracy or to the middle classes. Rank has lost much of its prestige. The officer's position in society is not as high as it was. Nor is his pay.

The New Recruitment

The great French state schools supply but few officers. Polytechnique, the engineering school, furnishes only three or four of its graduates a year, whereas between 1930 and 1940 the yearly average was 123. The Ecole Normale, the matrix of France's intellectual elite, supplies only about one officer every other year. In the ground forces, seventy-two per cent of the colonels are graduates of Saint-Cyr, France's West Point, but the proportion of Saint-Cyrians decreases with rank: fifty-six per cent of the lieutenant colonels, forty-six per cent of the majors, twenty-five per cent of the captains, and twenty-three per cent of the lieutenants. All other officers come directly from the ranks or from officer training schools.

Thus the army is closer now to the nation as a whole than it was in the past. It draws its strength directly from the people. But because of the tasks the army has had to assume far from home ever since 1940, it has broken away both in a material and spiritual sense from Metropolitan France. Garrisoned endlessly abroad, the bivouac has replaced the family hearth. Uprooted, transplanted, exiled, the army feels at times that it is abandoned, betrayed, and expendable.

The French Army used to be a silent one; in its pride and discipline it held aloof from politics. Today it may be called a misunderstood army. Is it a state within a state? It would be more accurate to say that in recent years it has been tempted to become a state within a state whenever a void was created by the absence of authority. Certainly it has ceased to be apolitical.

The humiliations the nation had suffered, combined with the paralysis of the parliamentary system, tended to turn the army against party democracy; like any other army, it believes above all in efficiency. What political institutions does the army want? The army has no idea. Politically immature, all it can say is that it wants decency and a strong state.

The French Army is going through a period of introspection. It is busy thinking things out: Obedience to orders, our leaders have taught us, is not the only rule for an officer to follow; he has both the right and the duty to think. The army has learned the lesson of 1940. Officers no longer stand frozen at attention when the top brass comes to inspect their units. A general on an inspection tour no longer receives all officers regardless of rank at the same time. He now has separate talks with the higher ranks and the captains and lieutenants. And he is questioned respectfully but severely. It is amazing to see how outspoken the young officers can be. One of the highest-ranking generals in the French Army, while on an inspection tour in Morocco (before Moroccan independence), heard himself addressed as follows: "General, I heard your speech the other day. It brought back bitter memories. May I ask you,

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are we going to haul down the flag once again?" There are also revolutionary suggestions. A colonel of paratroopers proposed the creation of "political commissars" at company level. Yet in spite of such audacities and such a change in traditional army discipline, most French military leaders declare that this generation of French troops is greatly superior to the preceding.

IN THE WAR of subversion and counter-subversion that is going on throughout the world, some military men are convinced that the French Army must play the role that the Communist Party plays in the peoples' democracies. Twice accused of thinking in terms of a war that is over, since Indo-China the army wants to prove that it is thinking in terms of the war which lies ahead. The doctrines that have been laid down by its war-college teachers and spread through all ranks expound the idea that a third world war has already begun, that hostilities started with the Berlin blockade, that never again will any sharp line mark the passage from peace to war, and that in our times wars are of unlimited duration.

There are people in the army who take their lessons from Communist literature. As early as 1917, Lenin proclaimed: "In fifty years, armies will have become meaningless. We shall have so completely corrupted the adversary that he will no longer be able to set his war machine in motion when he needs to." And Vishinsky told the United Nations: "We will not conquer the West by atomic bombs. We will conquer the western peoples by using something they do not understand—our ideas."

The Permanent War

The idea that we are in a war of unlimited duration has become official doctrine. In a lecture before the War College, Major Jacques Hogard, who has served in both Algeria and Indo-China, summed up the thinking of many French military men as follows:

"For us of the West, war has always been an exceptional state of affairs, in which politics bows before an almost unlimited explosion of violence . . . war is the soldier's hour, the hour in which a nation's normal life comes to a stop . . . in which every citizen is at the service of the nation.

"In such a war, a strategy is applied that is called 'direct' . . . An attempt is made to impose a 'decisive' battle upon the enemy—Verdun, for instance, Stalingrad or Cassino. And tactics too are 'direct' and final: 'They shall not pass,' and 'Die at your posts.'

"The Marxist-Leninist concept is wholly different. In that concept, war is the normal state, the permanent state ('dialectics'), and will remain so until the mythical advent of the classless society. But Marxist-Leninist war is no longer solely military. It is waged in all the domains of man's activity, the spiritual, the intellectual, and the material. War uses all existing forces: ideological (moral or spiritual), economic and military (with or without actual

violence). War has been made total in a sense no longer limited to total physical destruction.

"It is also more diversified and less a matter of brute force. Marxist-Leninist strategy is primarily the strategy of indirection and trickery. The decision is no longer sought in a single decisive battle but through long maneuvering, through the slow and gradual conquest of positions that seem of secondary importance, while at the same time all the enemy's positions are undermined until they crumble.

"The techniques by which the enemy's positions are sapped are less well known . . . Basically, everything depends on a process of infiltration that is being used everywhere, in national and international assemblies, in the civil services, and in public and private organizations. This infiltration and the working of these cells are often clandestine. There is a secret section of the French Communist Party, a section which commands all the apparatus and all the militant members under party discipline, but which carefully conceals both its existence and its actions. In party slang, the men who belong to it are called the 'submarines.' Some of them ostensibly work against Communism. If we were to make a serious effort we could unmask them."

MAJOR HOGARD continued: "If the Algerian Moslems were to triumph, Communism knows perfectly well that an independent Algeria ruled by the F.L.N. would turn to Communism. Poverty-stricken, weak, unstable, hostile to the West, grateful to international Communism for help received, the new country, like many others before it, would be at the mercy of Communism. At the beginning it would be a Communist ally; when the moment was ripe (but only then) it would be made into a satellite. This has been the whole history of Asia during the last few years; it could very well prove to be that of Africa.

"It is not surprising therefore that Communism should encourage minor revolutions, even when they are not Communist. Ever since 1925, it has been a Communist dogma that the communization of underdeveloped countries is preceded by a phase of nationalism. On the other hand, all these local revolutions eagerly borrow Communist methods, for they have seen that they are effective. Thus we understand why the Algerian rebels, like so many others, are today applying as best they can the methods of revolutionary warfare taught by Lenin and Mao Tse-tung, and why it is that African agitators and officers are trained in Czechoslovakia. . . .

"Finally, this war is a universal war. It is universal because the Communist revolution has agents spread throughout the world, and because wherever there is a Communist agent, the revolutionary war is already being fought. It must be obvious to you officers, I suppose," concluded Major Hogard, "that in an insidious, nonviolent manner, this war is being fought in Metropolitan France, just as several shocking incidents within the last few years have

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shown that it is also being fought in Great Britain and even in the United States."

With the army thinking in such terms, it is clear that two groups of Frenchmen are engaged in a mutually incomprehensible dialogue, in which the civilians are accused of playing with words in complete safety while the soldiers are staking their lives on their beliefs. The civilians, peacefully at home, proclaim that no limits can be placed on freedom. The army men live or die, fighting along the Morice Line to sustain a new Battle of the Marne in which freedoms must be subjected to discipline.

What about France's defenses along the Rhine? And what about the NATO divisions in Germany? There are people in the French Army who simply answer: "You are still fighting the last war."

Discipline . . . to a Point

Among the half million French troops now in Algeria, there are, of course, fanatics who carry the war they fight to horrible extremes. But there are also officers and men who are caring for the natives body and soul, missionaries who heal the open sores of abandoned children. These devoted apostles are performing a social service that no other army in the world has ever undertaken.

Undeniably, the moral dilemma is a terrible one. Where does a soldier's duty and mission in subversive warfare start, where does it end? In Algeria, the French Army has signed a moral compact. It is determined not to be dishonored by obeying orders that would condemn Frenchmen to bow low before the Moslem adversary. In fighting the war, there are people in the army who refuse to deprive themselves of the psychological weapon, for the discovery of those techniques seems to them as important as that of the atom.

These people see their mission in terms of France opposed to anti-France. And beyond geography and nationality—for the notion of frontiers is soon superseded—they see the crusade of Christian civilization confronting Communism. Nearly all officers and noncommissioned officers in the French Army are Catholic. They may not practice their faith, but they are attached to it. The Cross is the symbol that keeps many of them from the Communist ranks. It might not hold them from extreme nationalism of the Communist or of the fascist variety.

In his country place, at the time when he could still indulge in his passion for seclusion and meditation, de Gaulle in 1957 watched the changing army, considered its evolution fruitful, but felt that it meddled in matters which did not concern it, especially the new psychological techniques.

To this there were young people in the army who at that time answered rudely: "De Gaulle is as far behind us now as Pétain in 1940 was behind de Gaulle." « »

A Republican Monarch

EDWIN NEWMAN

PARIS

WITH an austere egotism that even his enemies must admire, Charles de Gaulle has once again stepped forward to defend his beloved France in a moment of crisis with little more than his own obsessive patriotism and regal personality. He was, of course, eminently successful in the Second World War when—against the Germans, against the will of millions of his own countrymen, and not infrequently against France's own allies—he brought his country back from the ignominy of defeat to the prestige and honor of a major world power. His task at present is certainly no less difficult. But of his own ability to save France, de Gaulle entertains few if any doubts.

De Gaulle's vision of his own place in history took shape many years before he heard the cue to take his place on stage. Under the tutelage of his father, a professor of philosophy, he buried himself in the history of France and dreamed of himself as all of her great and legendary champions.

It is not unusual for young men to dream, but de Gaulle's dreams possessed him. They led him to think of himself as "fulfilling a function that goes far beyond my own person; to serve as an instrument of fate." They also led him to dedicate himself to a France he pictured as "the princess in the fairy tales or the Madonna in the frescoes, marked for a great and exceptional destiny." They never let him go.

Duty, Dedication

De Gaulle has readily accepted the personal cost of his own absorbing dedication. One consequence is that he has no time for friends. Even the oldest of his associates still call him *"Mon Général."* Aside from his wife, his children, and his grandchildren, there is no one to whom he has ever been really close.

He is, however, gracious toward those with whom he works. He asks for their children by name, inquires about the health of their wives, and remembers details of their private life. He has a retentive memory and can be deeply moved by seeing a wartime comrade or going back to a place that brings back old

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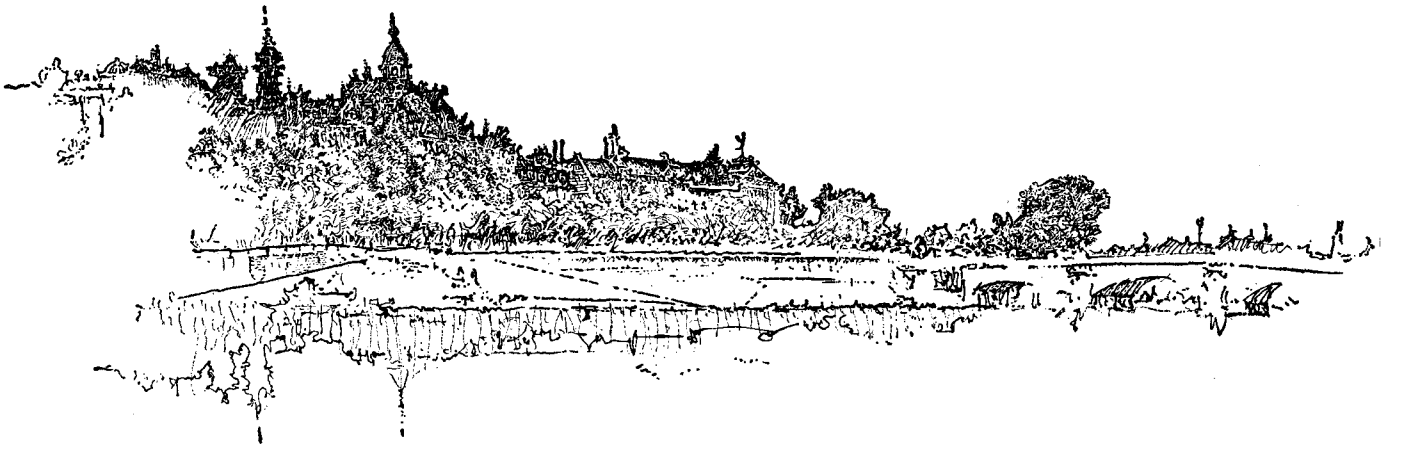

memories. "He walks along," a member of his staff once said, "sniffing the air, seeming to breathe the place in."

De Gaulle's real companion is his wife, Yvonne Vendroux de Gaulle. They were married in Calais on April 6, 1921, he a thirty-year-old captain and professor at the military academy at Saint-Cyr, she the shy, pretty, twenty-year-old daughter of a leading Calais family. She is still pretty, no less self-effacing, and intensely religious. De Gaulle does not ask her advice in political matters, and she has no great influence over him. (A foreign diplomat who set out hopefully to learn who did have influence over de Gaulle summarized his findings in one word: "Nobody.") But Mme. de Gaulle follows public affairs closely and her husband does ask her how she feels about things. That gives him a clue to what other French people may be thinking.

Just as de Gaulle has no time for friends, he has no time for the elaborate appreciation of food and drink to which so many Frenchmen devote so many waking hours. Another great comforter, tobacco, he uses not at all. He was a heavy cigarette smoker during the Second World War but gave up the habit in 1946 as "a form of slavery."

Travel holds no particular charm for him. A president of France must move about to a certain extent, particularly within the French Community, and de Gaulle does not spare himself. But in the years between his resignation as prime minister in January, 1946, and his return in June, 1958, he seldom traveled beyond the borders of Metropolitan France. Even when he did, he visited only French territories.

With friendship excluded and food and drink merely tolerated, it is easy to foresee de Gaulle's attitude toward any idea or request that is not specifically relevant. His instinctive reaction is negative, and his subordinates therefore avoid, wherever possible, asking him anything to which they sense he will reply, *"Non. Pas question."* This does not mean that de Gaulle's close collaborators may not argue with him. They may, though only before his decision is finally made.

It would also be a mistake to conclude that this most serious of men is totally lacking in humor. Of course no one would expect de Gaulle to enliven a party. Still, he can laugh, not a belly laugh or guffaw (for which his rather reedy voice would hardly be appropriate anyway) but a restrained chuckle. There are people who have seen him do it.

He certainly has wit. After the liberation of France, he went to Toulouse to review the Resistance forces there. It was a raggle-taggle group, with a great mixture of uniforms and no uniforms at all. But as de Gaulle went along the line, it seemed that everybody, of whatever rank and of no rank, had stripes on his sleeve. Finally he reached a young man, about the twentieth in line, whose sleeve was bare.

"What's the matter, son?" asked de Gaulle. "Can't you sew?"

More recently, when President Eisenhower visited Paris, the day was so beautiful that Mr. Eisenhower, riding beside his host in an open car, looked up at the sky and remarked that whoever was responsible for the weather should be promoted. De Gaulle also looked up and after a reflective moment said quietly, "Impossible."

The Element of Surprise

The way de Gaulle organizes his day tells a great deal about him. He insists on having time to be alone, often hours a day, for study and meditation, and his exclusion of irrelevancies helps to keep him riveted to what is essential. "I have never seen him carp about little things," a diplomat whose government has had several disagreements with de Gaulle said. "Some of the things his people are gravely concerned about don't bother him at all."

When de Gaulle is making a decision, he insists more than ever on having time and freedom to think. He does not rely on summaries by assistants; he asks for *"tout le dossier,"* "all the papers." He also wants to see anybody able to contribute something on the subject, and he is willing to go to considerable trouble to do so. Before launching his plan for Algerian self-determination last September, he knew full well that it might provoke another uprising by French settlers and army officers there. He therefore went to Algeria to learn the ideas of the younger officers particularly and to judge for himself how they would react.

He saw these officers in groups, hopping by helicopter from one post to another, but that was unusual. Normally he sees those whose opinion he wants privately and one at a time. This may help to explain his dislike of three- or four-power summit meetings and his obvious preference for the tête-à-tête. De

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Gaulle invariably dominates a two-man meeting, but in a larger group the formality of the proceedings may tend to make his intellectual advantages count for less.

It is widely believed that when de Gaulle grants an interview he does all the talking himself. This is not true. Indeed, if he does not agree with his guest, he is more likely to say nothing at all. "If he is provoked, he may hit back," a close associate said, "but even then he will not lose his temper, although his voice may betray anger. I have seen him pat the table with his open hand to emphasize a point. He never pounds it."

This unshakable calm is a great advantage in politics, since it enables de Gaulle to make full use of the military technique of surprise. His patience and his sense of timing were perfected during the twelve years he was out of power and this effectiveness was quickly recognized by, among others, the late John Foster Dulles. A month after de Gaulle's return, Dulles was distinctly nervous when he went to Paris to gauge the general's mood. Their first meeting left him reassured. "De Gaulle is a great man," Dulles told his dinner companions. "He knows how to wait and in waiting acquired wisdom. Now that he is back in power, that wisdom will be applied."

DE GAULLE WAITED for sixteen months after his return before announcing that Algeria would be given self-determination, but the idea was in his mind all along. He prepared the ground during those sixteen months, and when the moment came he went on television with an uncompromising address to the nation.

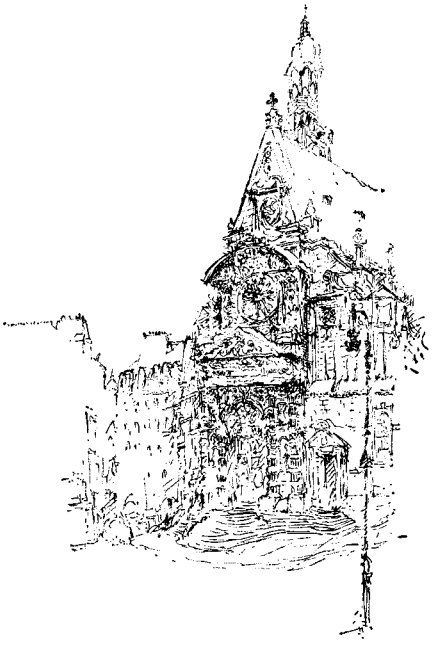
Effective surprise requires secrecy, and de Gaulle knows how to take care of that. He writes his speeches in longhand, with numerous corrections and changes and crossings out. (He never dictates.) Usually he produces several versions before he is satisfied. He gives the written pages to his secretary, Mme. Jeanne Matrand. She types them and gives them back. There are no copies.

When he works on a speech, the intensity of his concentration and the power of his memory are such that he gives it by heart. Calling for an end to the rebellion in Algiers, he spoke for nineteen minutes on television without glancing at a note. Apart from a few insignificant changes, he had given the speech as written.

A Stern Leisure

When de Gaulle has put his work aside for the day, there is no going back to it. At the Elysée Palace, his working day usually runs from eight-thirty in the morning to about seven-thirty in the evening. After that, he may be disturbed only for something of urgent importance, but few members of his staff are willing to check their definition of urgency against de Gaulle's.

Apart from occasional ceremonial sorties to theater openings, military balls, and the like, de Gaulle's evenings follow a pattern. At eight o'clock he watches the television news program. After that comes dinner, and then he relaxes with music, a deck of cards for solitaire, a book, or, if he has to, a dossier. Early last summer, he also wrote the seventh and last chapter of the third volume of his memoirs of the Second World War, the other six having been completed while he was out of office. In August, many of his nights were devoted to correcting the proofs.



De Gaulle's reading lies mainly in the fields of history, government, and biography, but he also reads philosophy, literary criticism, books on travel, and an occasional novel. His musical tastes are not abstruse, and it is a standing joke among some of his aides that the only compositions he really likes are marches and the "Marseillaise." However, thirty-two months as a prisoner of the Germans in the First World War gave him some liking for Wagner and Beethoven.

Years ago, no catalogue of de Gaulle's pastimes would have been complete without mention of hunting. He has had to give it up because of the failing sight that recently led him to shatter a window with his head. He had not noticed that the window was closed. Now the only moderately strenuous activities left to him are walking and driving fast. When he tours, his convoy usually moves between towns at about eighty-five miles an hour, and at least two escorting motorcycle policemen have been injured taking corners at high speed. As for walking, he is restricted by the relatively small and effete grounds of the Elysée Palace.

HE USED to do his walking in the town of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, about 150 miles east of Paris, and in the woods nearby. There he owns a house, bought in the 1930's so that his invalid daughter Anne, who died in 1947, could enjoy fresh air. He is deeply devoted to her memory; royalties from his memoirs, in France and other countries, go to foundations for retarded children.

De Gaulle chose the house also because of its location. The army commands he then seemed likely to get were in the east, at fortress cities like Metz, and he wanted a place where he could spend a quiet weekend. The house still serves that purpose. He goes there for relaxation, to be able to work out of the limelight and free of interruption, preferably in the garden with its flower bed in the shape of his wartime symbol, the Cross of Lorraine. Here his wife is the great protector of his privacy.

"Solitude," he once said, "is my lot," and this is no mere whim. He wrote years ago, "My own nature warns me and my experience has taught me that, when at the summit of events, a man can safeguard his time and his personality only by remaining rather remote."

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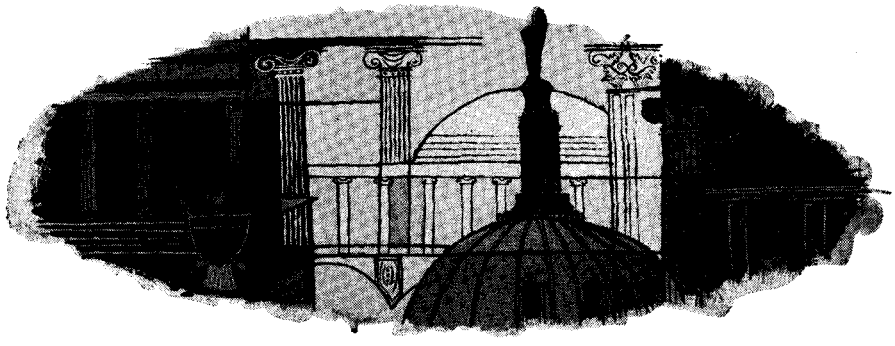

A Plea to the President

GOVERNOR G. MENNEN WILLIAMS

CIVIL RIGHTS will certainly demand the attention of Congress during its present session. There are many steps Congress can—and I hope will—take to improve our national legislation in this field. But while Congress debates these improvements, I respectfully address a plea to the present Chief Executive of the United States that he not use the slower processes of Congress as an excuse for delaying direct action in areas where he has authority to act right now.

The unanimous findings of the bipartisan Commission on Civil Rights, a commission appointed by the President himself, contains an insistent plea for more effective Executive leadership. And the President can act within his present authority in three ways:

1. He can, in these last months of his administration, issue the Executive order for equal opportunity in housing recommended by his commission.

2. He can order full-scale action by the Department of Justice in those counties where the facts found by his commission indicate that Negro citizens are being denied their right to vote.

3. He can use the power of his office in molding public opinion and his considerable personal persuasiveness to take to the people the case for compliance with the Constitution in school desegregation.

The Vice-President also can play a role of great value in these areas. According to Earl Mazo's recent biography, Mr. Nixon has participated in most major administration decisions during the second term, and has become a strong man—in some respects, *the* strong man—in the administration. If this characterization is correct, the Vice-President's influence could be decisive for civil rights in 1960 if he so decided. Furthermore, Attorney General William P. Rogers is known to be one of the Vice-President's closest friends and undoubtedly gives great weight to his opinions.

VIGOROUS Executive action might cause a breakthrough in Congressional resistance to Federal intervention in civil rights. This resistance has been so formidable that the mild Civil Rights Act of 1957 was the first civil-rights legislation passed in eighty-two years.

The power of this resistance arises from a coalition of Southern Democrats who from conviction or for political survival are against all such Federal action, and Northern Republicans who put their conservative economic aims ahead of their election promises on civil rights.

There are signs that this coalition is beginning to crack. In the last session of Congress, the Republicans were unsuccessful when they tried to invoke it to defeat the housing bill. They moved to attach a civil-rights rider to that measure, assuming that most non-Southern Democrats would vote with the Republicans in favor of such an amendment and that most Southern congressmen would vote with the Republicans against the whole bill. But in a remarkable demonstration of political maturity, the four Negro members of Congress dramatically led the Democratic majority in voting against this hypocritical rider.

Even this example, however, testified to the ever-present possibilities of this conservative Republican-Southern Democratic coalition. Even the admission of Alaska and Hawaii, whose representatives surely should be sensitive to the rights of Americans, still may not provide enough votes to enact necessary new legislation. The reasons are clear. Those who do not want further Federal aid to schools and those who do not want any Negroes in white schools are naturally drawn together. Those who oppose Federal housing programs and those who fear Federal insistence upon equal opportunity in housing are ready allies.

In other efforts to salvage measures essential to the nation's welfare, such as the school-construction bills, the problem of civil rights gets whiplashed by the unfortunate facts of Congressional life.

Housing and the White House

This is why so many of the findings and recommendations of the Commission on Civil Rights are especially encouraging for those of us who want to advance civil rights without sacrificing necessary positive programs such as public housing and urban renewal.

For example, in its study of the Constitution and of the laws involved, the commission concluded that in the field of housing there was no need for further Congressional action against racial discrimination. Federal housing programs, the commission held, are already subject to the Constitutional rule of equal protection, or nondiscrimination. In fact, it was noted that a provision of the Civil Rights Act of 1870, still on the books, affirms this right to equal opportunity in housing.

Nevertheless the commission con-

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cluded that "While the fundamental legal principle is clear, Federal housing policies need to be better directed toward fulfilling the Constitutional and Congressional objective of equal opportunity." Therefore, it unanimously recommended that "the President issue an Executive Order stating the Constitutional objective of equal opportunity in housing, directing all Federal agencies to shape their policies and practices to make the maximum contribution to the achievement of this goal."

In other words, the choice should not be between abandoning civil rights in housing or losing Congressional support for the housing bill. What is needed is action by the President. This is why I utter this plea now while Congress is beginning its deliberations. Since a giant stride forward can be taken by Executive action alone, the President should not delay any further the issuance of the Executive order called for by the commission.

Ironically, President Eisenhower many times in the past has expressly committed himself to action in the housing field. In his message to Congress on January 25, 1954, for instance, he said:

"The administrative policies governing the operations of the several housing agencies must be, and they will be, materially strengthened and augmented in order to assure equal opportunity for all of our citizens to acquire, within their means, good and well-located homes. We shall take steps to insure that families of minority groups displaced by urban redevelopment operations have a fair opportunity to acquire adequate housing; we shall prevent the dislocation of such families through the misuse of slum clearance programs, and we shall encourage adequate mortgage financing for the construction of new housing for such families on good, well-located sites."

But in its recent recommendations, the President's own Civil Rights Commission has found it necessary to recommend a specific Executive order. Moreover, the commission unanimously made four additional recommendations designed to end discrimination in particular Federal housing programs, all of which should be carried out within the Executive Branch either by Presidential direction or by the initiative of agency heads.

Enforce the Voting Laws

Similarly, in the field of voting rights, the commission noted pointedly that "the new Federal powers provided by the Act of 1957 have not been thoroughly tested." It reported that "nearly two years after passage of the Act, the Department of Justice had brought only three actions under its new powers to seek preventive civil relief, rather than criminal conviction, against any interference with the right to vote."

The commission concluded that these legal actions of the Civil Rights Division of the Department of Justice "were disappointing in number, nature, and results." It indicated that the Attorney General should bring such civil suits under the 1957 act "in a larger number of districts where there are presently 'reasonable grounds to believe' that persons are being deprived of their right to vote."

The Justice Department's relative inactivity in the field of voting rights is particularly difficult to understand because this is another area about which President Eisenhower at times has spoken with apparent emphasis. At a press conference in Washington on January 14, 1959, for instance, the President seemed to give first priority to protecting the right to vote:

"So I would say first I would like to see the vote—this problem of voting—solved with the necessary, whatever laws may be necessary. . . . I'd like to see power more clear-cut to make certain that they can examine into the difficulties about voting, the bars to it, and to get some kind of procedures that will make this privilege stand so that it will not be violated. And if this is done it's my belief that now voters themselves, local voters, state voters, and national voters, will have a greater and finer opportunity to proceed with the, you might say the proper observance of their other rights."

IT IS TRUE, of course, that Attorney General Rogers has proposed legislation that could enable court-appointed referees to certify the qualifications of voters who have been unable to register. This certification would apply to both state and national elections, and the Attorney General's plan in many ways goes beyond the commission's legislative recommendations for dealing with the problem of local officials who refuse to function at all or refuse to register voters without discrimination. But here again, even in the absence of the proposed new legislation, the Civil Rights Division, by the direction of the Attorney General or of the President, could and should take action right now, using fully and energetically all the powers already given by Congress. Commissioner George M. Johnson, a Negro and a Republican, suggested that the Department of Justice should proceed forthwith to conduct full investigations under the 1957 act in the sixteen Southern counties where the commission found a Negro population majority to exist but where not a single Negro was registered. If the President is too busy with foreign matters to urge the Attorney General to act, perhaps the matter could be assigned to the Vice-President to work out. The Attorney General's new proposal is a good one, but progress need not be delayed while it is debated.

In the past such Executive leadership has proved effective in other areas of civil rights. President Roosevelt's wartime Fair Employment Practices Committee, established by Executive order, diminished racial job discrimination in the war effort. Discrimination in the armed forces was largely ended as a result of President Truman's Executive order calling for equal opportunity for all American servicemen. The Presidential committees on equal opportunity and equal treatment in the fields of government contracts and government employment, started by President Truman, have also made some important contributions. Presidential initiative played a part in ending some of the most notorious forms of discrimination in the nation's capital.

In a modest way, I know at first hand the difference in time between direct Executive action and waiting for legislative action. Discrimination in the Michigan National Guard was abolished by my Executive order two years after I became governor

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of Michigan. It took six years, however, to get an FEPC measure through the legislature.

Old Pledges and a New Plea

The failure of the President to give the new leadership required, particularly since the Supreme Court decision of 1954, is all the more perplexing in view of his own stressing of the importance of Presidential leadership in civil rights.

This was a basic theme in the 1952 Republican campaign. "I and this crusade," he said in Los Angeles on October 9, 1952, "are for wiping out every inequality of opportunity. . . . We must have an administration in Washington whose example, continuously exerted influence, constant study, and publicizing of all the facts, will put and keep this problem on the conscience of our people."

"There is discrimination," he said in Harlem on October 25, 1952, and "This crusade is pledged to use every single item of leadership and influence it has to eliminate it. It intends to enforce the full Constitution, not part of it."

"Much of the answer," President Eisenhower told Congress on February 2, 1953, "lies in the power of fact, fully publicized; of persuasion, honestly pressed; and of conscience, justly aroused. . . . by the leadership of the Office of the President . . . we expect to make true and rapid progress in civil rights and equality of employment opportunity."

Likewise on January 9, 1959, he told Congress:

"One of the fundamental concepts of our constitutional system is that it guarantees to every individual, regardless of race, religion, or national origin, the equal protection of the laws. Those of us who are privileged to hold public office have a solemn obligation to make meaningful this inspiring objective. We can fulfill that obligation by our leadership in teaching, persuading, demonstrating, and in enforcing the law."

THE PRESIDENT frequently repeats that the problem of civil rights must be solved in the minds and hearts of men, that mere laws will not suffice, and that time is essential to work this out.

To this the President's own Commission on Civil Rights, on which there is not a single liberal Northern Democrat, gives a pointed reply: "It is not time alone that helps but the constructive use of time." To eliminate discrimination, the commission concluded, "some dramatic and creative intervention by the leaders of our national life is necessary."

The President's action in sending troops to Little Rock was certainly dramatic intervention but it was not creative. Aside from the one brief, half-hearted, ill-fated attempt to negotiate with Governor Faubus, during a golfing holiday at Newport, there has been little Executive action to fill the gap between platitudes and bayonets.

Would we not have been further along in the process of desegregation, would not the necessary human understanding and compassion have been better evoked, had the President seen fit to go himself into one of the troubled situations and accompany a Negro child into school? Could he not have found ways to reach and appeal to the students, the teachers, the parents, and the surrounding community?

No man is able to reach the minds and hearts of the American people like the President of the United States. What he says in words can be said louder in deeds—by Executive orders, Cabinet directions, and direct and personal leadership.

IF I WERE MAKING this plea to the President personally, I think I would phrase it this way:

Mr. President, just as peace is the overriding issue everywhere in the world, so also the protection of civil rights is the number one domestic challenge to our pretensions of democracy.

Millions of Americans would echo in their hearts the cheers which greeted you during your recent trip to foreign lands if you became, in the words of the Civil Rights Commission, "inventive, creative and educational" in dealing with this last worst blight in our land.

Mr. President, almost one hundred years ago another President took Executive action in civil rights and his deed inspired the world.

You need not wait for Congress to define and broaden your authority. You can act now if you will.

The Great Guessing Game

THOMAS R. PHILLIPS, Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Ret.)

IN AN ATTEMPT to restrain the cries of the spenders for more money and to calm the fears of those who are alarmed about the "missile gap," Secretary of Defense Thomas S. Gates, Jr., recently explained that a "very significant" change had been made in estimating future Soviet strength. "Heretofore," he told the House Defense Appropriations subcommittee, "we have been giving you intelligence figures that have dealt with the theoretical Soviet capability. This is the first time that we have had an intelligence estimate that says: 'This is what the Soviet Union probably will do.' "

It has been estimated, most notably by Gates's predecessor Neil H. McElroy, that the Russians can produce three times as many missiles as we in the near future, but Gates went on to say that although "The Soviets may enjoy at times a moderate numerical superiority during the next three years . . . this new intelligence estimate has narrowed the differences." The McElroy estimate was on a basis of 600 Soviet ICBMs in 1962 to 200 of ours. Gates's estimate for 1961 was also a three-to-one ratio, but the actual numbers were reduced to 150 Soviet missiles to our 50 (which probably included 16 Polaris missiles). Gates admits that this "moderate numerical superiority" will be greater in 1962, but it still is not as large in the new estimate as in the one used by McElroy.

At a press conference held eight days after his appearance before the Congressional committee, in response to critical questioning Gates admitted that "this is a different set of rules, so to speak," and he

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confirmed that the new estimate gives more emphasis to the Russians' intentions than to their capabilities.

Gates was apparently not aware that exactly one year before, on January 21, 1959, McElroy had testified before the same committee: "I think it would be very dangerous if we did not proceed on this basis [judging the opponent's capabilities rather than his intentions]. I think it should be understood that from the standpoint of the Department of Defense, we are assuming, as I think we should assume, that they will have these numbers [of missiles] in being when the national intelligence estimate says that they could have it."

THE NEW FORMULA Gates described is actually not new at all. By and large, our practice has always been to make an intelligence estimate that ended with a statement of the opponent's probable intentions. This did not mean that you were trying to read his mind, but rather, from what you knew about his situation and about him, judging what he was most likely to do. The estimates that dealt with the opponent's intentions came up with a single course of action aimed at counteracting them—and this was all, so it appeared, that the commander needed to worry about in making his own plans.

It is obviously much more difficult to estimate the opponent's capabilities and plan your own actions so as to thwart any one of them that might endanger your force or plans, but that was the system used, with widely recognized success, by Napoleon. It was his invariable practice of eliminating chance that led Napoleon to write: "Chance remains always a mystery to mediocre spirits and becomes a reality to superior men."

In the change in intellectual climate that took place in the United States Army during the 1930's, the Command and General Staff College led a campaign to substitute capabilities for intentions as the basis of military intelligence evaluations. Under a few brilliant officers, notably Colonel Joseph A. ("Sandy") McAndrew, all military dogma was questioned, and innumerable historical examples were found to show the disastrous results of basing plans on presumed enemy intentions. Some of these examples were illustrated as part of the school course and compared to the Napoleonic practice of considering all reasonable enemy capabilities.

In a revision of the school texts in 1936, I was given the assignment of revising the intelligence estimating methods to eliminate the use of enemy intentions and to substitute the capabilities system. This system was used at the Command and General Staff College during the 1936-

1937 school year and then was scheduled for adoption by all Army schools.

At the Infantry School, the new system was considered too complicated. Brigadier General Walter C. Short, then commanding, stormed up to Fort Leavenworth and asserted that he would not use it at the Infantry School. Nobody could understand it, he said. He preferred the old and simpler method of determining (or guessing) the enemy's intentions. I was called in to explain the method to him, but to no avail.

Remember Pearl Harbor?

The same General Short was the Army commander in the Hawaiian Islands in December, 1941. He deduced the Japanese intentions in the Hawaiian Islands as sabotage and collected all the aircraft into a single close grouping, so that they could easily be guarded against sabotage. As a result, on December 7, 1941, Short did not worry about an attack and did not have his radar operating, nor did he have any reconnaissance aircraft out to look for the Japanese. The massed aircraft were a perfect target for the Japanese bombers and most of them were destroyed. Admiral Husband E. Kimmel had also decided that sabotage was the enemy's intention, and the fleet was massed in Pearl Harbor for the weekend, another sitting duck. If Kimmel had been concerned about the Japanese capability of attacking Pearl Harbor, the fleet would have been dispersed over the ocean and his submarines and aircraft would have been reconnoitering hundreds of miles from Honolulu.

But suppose you have more than an estimate to go on. Suppose that, through the use of spies or by other methods, you know the enemy's exact plans and orders. One difficulty, of course, is that he may change his mind. The commander of the German Second Army, opposing French Fifth Army at Guise, made four completely different decisions, and issued orders to carry them out, between 5:30 P.M. August 27, 1914, and 9:00 A.M. August 28.

An instance from the Second World War is also instructive. After the battle for Tunisia had been won, the Allies decided to invade Italy via Sicily. To mislead the Germans, the British planted spurious plans on the body of a fictitious Royal Marine courier and dropped the body into the water where it would be washed ashore in Spain. The Germans were tricked by this apparently valid plan into spreading their defense across Europe, even to the extent of removing warships from the Sicily area. The ruse made the invasion of Sicily relatively easy.

The opposite of this case was the capture by the British of a German courier who had been forced down in the Netherlands in a fog and who carried plans for the German invasion of France through Belgium and Holland. Hitler, knowing that this plan had been captured, changed his plans and invaded across the Meuse and through France. The British and French, certain that the invasion would come through the historic route across the northern plains, concentrated their armies to the north and were cut off from France. So much for intentions, or what the opponent probably will do. He can change his mind overnight; and no matter how solid the information you may have today, it can be a trap tomorrow.

THESE EXAMPLES of capabilities versus intentions as criteria in making estimates are from combat situations, but the same principles are applicable to the estimate of Soviet missile production. In hearings held last March, Senator Symington indicated that the estimate of Soviet

(*Continued on page 30*)

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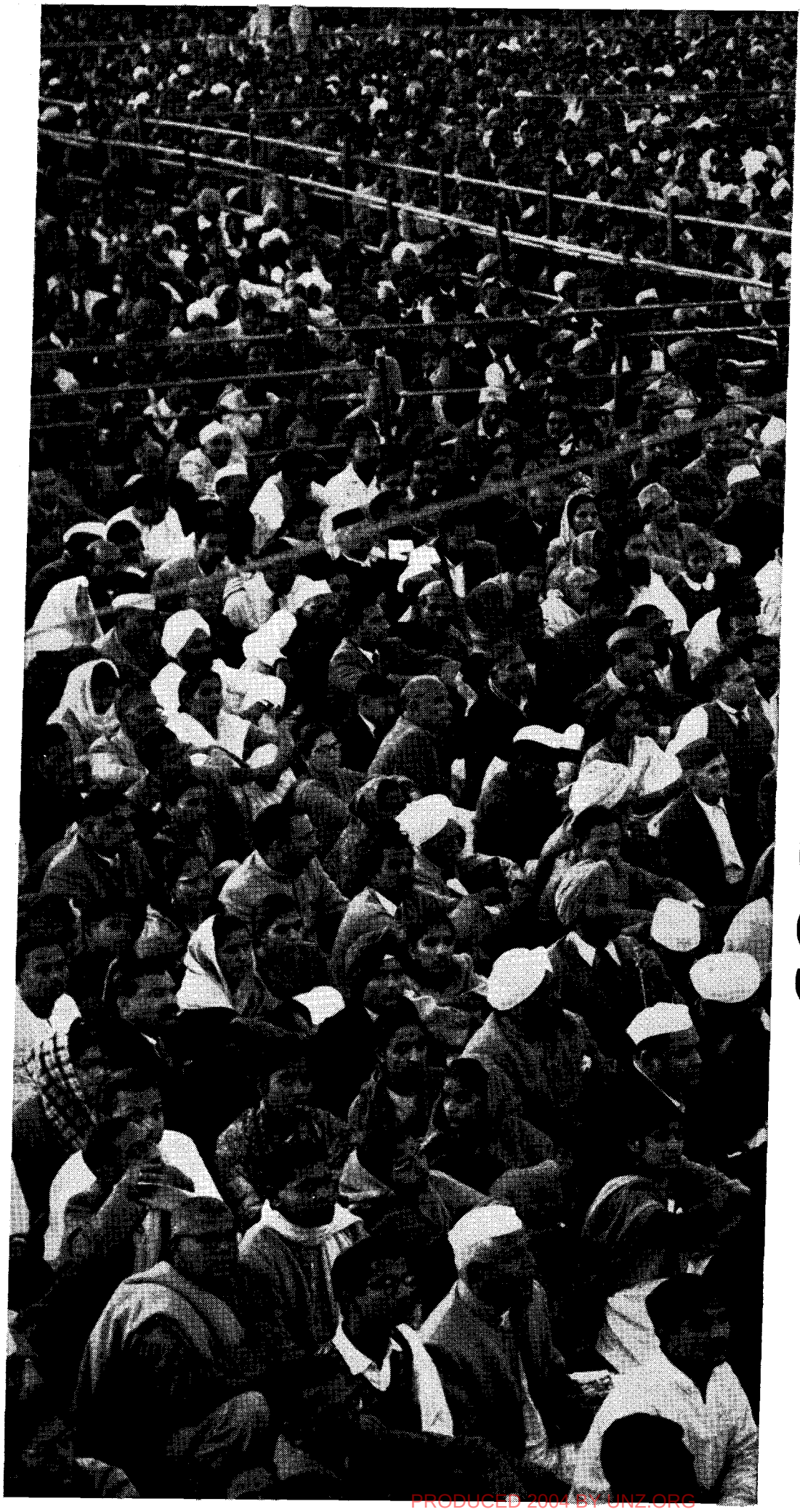

THE TWO SIDES OF SPACE

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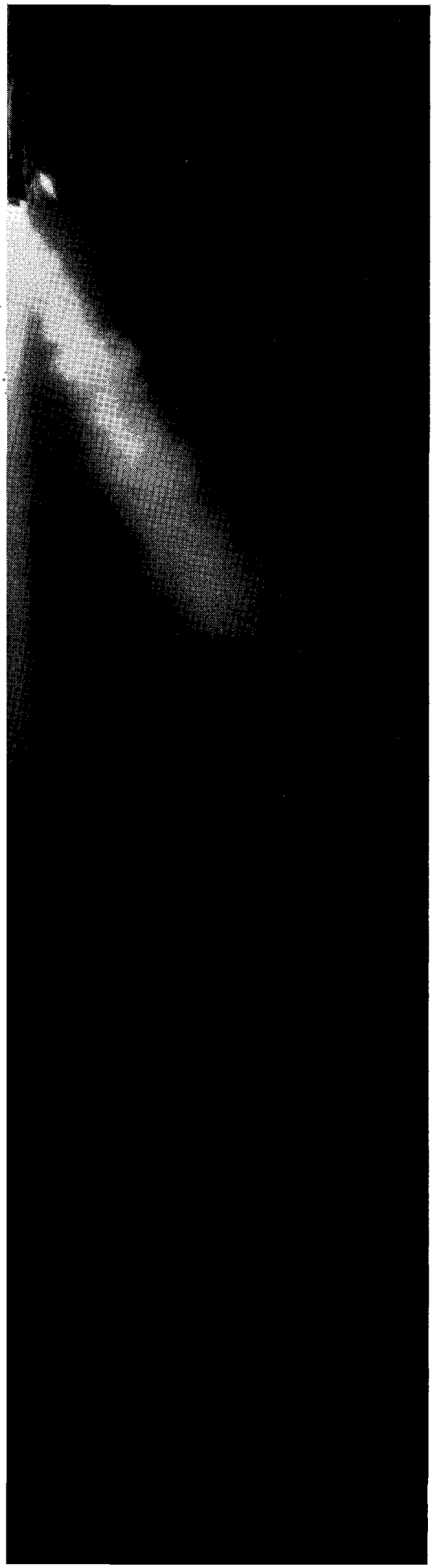

As in all major problems in human affairs, there are two sides to the question of space: less space on earth to accommodate its increasing population; more space in the universe to be revealed to man's exploring mind.

During the past month television viewers saw both sides of the question fully exposed on CBS REPORTS, a new series of network documentaries broadcast in evening hours.

Early in January, more than 13 million people witnessed a vivid analysis of the nation's efforts to penetrate space, including a discussion of the issues of inter-service rivalry and the difficulties in obtaining scientists to work for the Government. *The New York Times* commented: ". . . 'CBS Reports' added another distinguished accomplishment to its series of journalistic undertakings."

Later in January almost 12 million Americans watched an expanded version of the notable broadcast "The Population Explosion." They saw the people of India living under conditions of poverty and hunger, and heard some of the diverse and often conflicting solutions offered by distinguished clergymen, scientists and economists. Following the initial broadcast last November the *New York Herald Tribune* commented: ". . . it took CBS to make the big splash that got the whole thing out in the open." And, as everyone knows, it has been a continuing subject of public interest and concern ever since.

Next Monday, February 15, between 7:30 and 8:30 pm EST, on this same series of broadcasts you can watch a fascinating on-the-scene report by Eric Sevareid, the noted CBS News correspondent, on Nigeria, symbol of a continent aflame with the fever of freedom.

On CBS REPORTS a television signal laden with information about the earth and its inhabitants, about the universe and its infinity, travels with the speed of light into the nation's homes. People by the millions look and listen. Clearly a new way for them to understand and cope with the central problems of their existence is coming into its own.

CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

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capabilities then being used was based on knowledge of factory space for the production of intercontinental missiles which, according to our production experts, enabled the Soviet Union to produce fifty missiles a month, probably on a three-shift basis.

Such a capacity could, of course, be depreciated by other estimates indicating, for example, that there was insufficient housing for a three-shift operation, or by doubts about the Russians' capacity to manufacture some intricate components, such as guidance controls, at this rate. Or, it is possible that a high-ranking defector could have given the intelligence services information indicating that it is the Soviets' *intention* to follow the same policy as the United States and to limit the production of current missiles until improvements in sight are adopted.

This would appear to be an estimate of intentions that could be depended upon, particularly if it seemed to be confirmed by other information. But defectors, as we have seen, are not to be trusted automatically. They may be "plants" to find out how our intelligence operates and to give false information. The questioning of defectors and the evaluation of their reliability ordinarily takes six months or longer. By the time the information has been incorporated into the over-all intelligence estimate, a year may have passed. Even if the defector's information of intentions was valid when he left, plans could have been changed several times in the interval.

THE DIE-HARDS, however, have never been convinced, and our intelligence estimates may list "if indications justify a conclusion, the relative probability of adoption of enemy capabilities." In other words, if some estimator thinks the indications justify a conclusion, and he lists a No. 1 probability of adoption, the estimate is right back to an estimate of intentions.

Secretary Gates had only a brief briefing before he went before the Appropriations subcommittee. The complete estimate prepared by intelligence would have taken two hours to present to him. He got only fifteen minutes' worth. The complete estimate ended with a conclusion of three or four capabilities listed in order of priority. But in the condensed fifteen-minute version the officer who was briefing Gates also condensed the conclusions and ended with only one most probable line of action. Gates has the reputation in the Pentagon of being somewhat supercilious about intelligence. Certainly he was totally unprepared for the critical question his use of the opponent's intentions brought from Congress and the press. In response to a question about intelligence at his press conference, Gates permitted himself to speak of "the intelligence business, all of which I'm not familiar with, thank heaven."

An honorable and dedicated public servant who would not dream of distorting intelligence for political or budgetary purposes, Gates quite obviously believed, as President Eisenhower said in his press conference on January 26: "We have better estimates than we have in the past in the field." Allen W. Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, attempted to come to the rescue a few days later in an address before the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences in New York, saying: "In our estimates we generally stress capabilities in the early stages of Soviet weapons development and then, as more hard facts are available, we estimate their probable programming, sometimes referred to as intentions." But Gates is not yet off the hook. The President remarked in his press conference: "I think Mr. Gates will find ways of clarifying exactly what he had—what he meant." He should certainly be given every chance to do so.

Britain Looks at Its Schools

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

IN MANY RESPECTS the postwar years have been for Britain what the New Deal years were for the United States: a period of rapid social change and of the extension of governmental responsibility, of argument and introspection at home, and of a changing position abroad. The pattern of British life today, in everything from the demise of servants for the middle class to the spread of supermarkets, household gadgets, and traffic jams, resembles the American to a degree that no one could have foreseen even ten years ago. And this remarkable transformation in the nature of an old and complex society has been accomplished as much by the Conservative governments of the 1950's as by the Labour government of the immediate postwar years.

Britain's New Deal has gone fast and far, but it has made much less headway in the field of education than in any other. To many thoughtful people this seems the reason why Britain, for all its prosperity, is now a less dynamic society than America or even some European countries. Therefore it is not surprising that a new official report on education called *15 to 18*, compiled under the chairmanship of Sir Geoffrey Crowther, the former editor of the *Economist*, has become almost a best-seller.

This is not to say that no reform of British education has been attempted in the postwar years, for the degrees of activity and of change have been very marked. At the universities roughly eighty per cent of the students now come from the national education system (i.e., from the state-maintained grammar schools), and only about twenty per cent from the "public" (i.e., private)

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schools—the exact reverse of prewar days. The number of university students has doubled. There are more than twice as many children between the age of fourteen to fifteen at school as there were twenty years ago, and the extent of new school building is perhaps the most striking impression one receives when one travels through any medium-sized English town.

Yet the contrast with other countries is even more marked. Only six per cent of boys and girls over eighteen go to universities, a proportion that, according to a recent calculation, puts Britain twenty-fifth in a list of the world's modern countries, just ahead of Ireland and Turkey. Only thirteen per cent of the boys and eleven per cent of the girls in the country are still receiving full-time education at the age of seventeen. Nearly a third of the boys and half the girls between fifteen and seventeen are getting no education whatsoever, part-time or full-time, for the official school-leaving age has remained stuck at fifteen. Since the war, seventy-two per cent of Britain's children have been shaking the dust of school from their feet and going into the labor market at this age, though, as one would imagine, among the children of the middle class the proportion is much smaller, in fact only twenty-five per cent.

Sheep-and-Goats Thinking

The real contrasts that remain between British and U.S. education are not based on the continued existence of Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and the so-called public-school system, for they have their counterparts in Exeter, Groton, St. Paul's, and hundreds of little private academies throughout the nation. The real contrasts lie in the fundamental differences between the American high school and its British counterparts: the comprehensive, the secondary modern, and the grammar schools.

The Crowther Report points out the purely quantitative difference in the number of children who stay at school until late in their teens: "The increase in numbers has to be achieved by persuasion without compulsion. . . . Other countries have achieved as much in about the same time. In the United States, for instance, the legal compulsion to attend school (which usually begins a year later than in Britain) ends in most states on the 16th birthday, but two-thirds of the boys and girls are in fact at school eighteen months later. Roughly speaking, the stage of the journey that lies immediately ahead of us [in Britain] was accomplished in America in the twenty

years between 1920 and 1940, during which the proportion of 17-year-olds who stayed at school and successfully completed the High School course rose from 17 per cent to 51 per cent."

This is an impressive contrast, and there has already been wide endorsement of the Crowther's Report's conservative recommendations that the compulsory school-leaving age in Britain should be raised to sixteen in the next five to nine years (the valley between two population bulges), to be followed by a part-time system of education up to eighteen.

There is a general sense of alarm at the facts that the Crowther Report has brought to light and corresponding agreement with its conclusion: "There seems to be no social injustice in our community at the present time more loudly crying out for reform than the conditions in which scores of thousands of our children are released into the labor market." For not only is Britain falling behind the standards of other countries in this respect; it is also failing to provide the kind of young working population that can handle the technological processes and skills on which economic expansion depends.

And yet it seems very unlikely that the over-all pattern of British education will ever become identical with that of the United States, for the British still look on the educational process as a selective rather than a comprehensive one. The number of openings for students in universities will be gradually expanded, as far as possible by the foundation of new universities rather than the expansion of the older ones, but I shall be surprised if I live to see twenty per cent admission, or one eighteen-year-old boy or girl in five attending universities. The kind of protest expressed in Jacques Barzun's recent book *The House of Intellect,* against treating a university education as a right of every citizen instead of a privilege for those who can make use of it, finds a ready echo in Britain. This feeling in turn has a profound effect upon the structure of the schools, forcing a division between sheep and goats, between the bright and the not so bright, at an age that would horrify an American high-school principal. At present, with the fierce competition that exists for university admission, the British schoolboy, and still more his sister, has to start specializing very young, and it is one of the aims of the Crowther Report to obviate the necessity for doing so before the age of sixteen or seventeen. But the principle that at a certain point, whether it be fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen, the talented have a right to preferential treatment over the less talented is firmly embedded in the report and in the views of most British educators.

BRITISH POLITICS has rarely been more dull than at present. With a buoyant economy, with rising employment, with the appearance, if not the reality, of an international *détente,* there is little focus of debate except on the ever-sharpening crisis in Africa. But it may well be that the Labour Party, seemingly unable to close its ranks on other domestic issues, will make education the center of its domestic program of attack in the next few years. It is possible that it could make greater headway with this issue than with the stale economic controversies of recent years, and it is certain that the country would gain from a sharpened debate about the education of British youth.

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The Prince on the Tightrope

DENIS WARNER

PNOMPENH

ALTHOUGH Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia freely admits that he determined his country's foreign policy after talking with Jawaharlal Nehru, it is clear that the prince's views on the nature and necessity of neutrality differ somewhat from those of the Indian leader. "The interplay of American and Communist influence is really what makes Cambodia's independence possible," Sihanouk told a group of Cambodian students in Paris last spring. And he went on to say: "If it were not for neutrality we would be overwhelmed by those nearest us. If we were to give up our friendship with the Communist bloc, the Reds would push us around and we would have to sacrifice real liberty by adhering to the western camp. If we were to give up our friendship with the western camp, the Communist powers nearest us would trample on us and the West would not let them do this without a fight."

Most of Sihanouk's major fears are implicit in this statement. He fears his neighbors, Thailand and South Vietnam. He fears that, having thrown off French colonialism, he may become an unequal partner in an alliance with the United States. He fears Communist China and Communist North Vietnam; and he fears that Cambodia may become another Laos, a battleground between East and West. By his recognition of Communist China two years ago, Sihanouk seemed to have lost his balance in his delicate tightrope act. Buddhist Cambodians were able to read only the Chinese version of the Tibetan coup in their press, and even the ministry of information pushed an anti-American line. But instead of falling into the waiting arms of the Communists, Sihanouk today is whipping the Cambodian Communists back into line and making pointed comments about foreign Communists that will not escape the attention of his "friends" in Peking.

AT THIRTY-EIGHT, Sihanouk is much more than prime minister. He is at once a feudal prince, the symbol of his country's glorious past, the architect of its independence, and the creator of the modern Cambodian state. To many Cambodians he reconciles the irreconcilable. He has a Cambodian wife, a Lao wife, a Eurasian wife (none of them regarded as official), and an unstated number of concubines. He admits to thirty children. Small of stature and chubby, he has clear, dark eyes, a high, irritating voice, and the pleasant custom, as I discovered when I went to see him recently in the baroque royal palace, of offering his pre-noon visitor a brimming goblet of iced dry champagne.

It does not take long to discover that he is much more than the playboy prince. You can picture him easily enough as a saxophone player, but it's hard to realize that he has had no formal education apart from a few years at a secondary school in Saigon. As he speaks about his struggle to raise the living standards of the Cambodian people, his difficulties with the Americans, and his worries about the Communists, he is lively, dramatic, and eminently well informed.

All his life, people have underestimated him. He became king in 1941 when the French, sizing up the ill-educated youth as pliable material, installed him on the throne in place of his uncle, Prince Moniret, the senior member of the royal family, who was regarded as too worldly-wise and anti-French. The French regretted this act for the next thirteen years. Sihanouk bullied and badgered them into granting Cambodia its independence in 1953, a year before the Vietminh had forced their hand elsewhere in the former Indo-Chinese states.

After winning independence, Sihanouk abdicated in favor of his father, Norodom Suramarit, and set out to become a politician. Western observers at that time were inclined to dismiss this act as typically rash and impetuous. On the contrary, it was extremely farsighted. Sihanouk saw no future for Cambodian royalty if it stood apart from the inevitable changes and political developments that independence brought with it. Politics, he concluded, should not be left to the anti-monarchists but rather should be led by the monarchy itself.

His Sangkhum (Popular Socialist Community) Party swept the field at the first election in 1955. Ever since, Sihanouk has moved in and out of the prime ministership as his mood, and the court astrologers, guide him. With the possible exception of his mother and closest adviser, Queen Kossamak Nearikeak, there is no other Cambodian of comparable capacity. His seemingly temperamental withdrawals are usually well-calculated political stratagems. He is indispensable in the type of society he has created, and the inevitable demand that he should return to office serves merely to strengthen his hand.

Though his movement about the

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countryside is reminiscent of the travels of a Renaissance court, complete with courtesans, ministers, and diplomatic corps, Sihanouk commands a respect and following among the peasantry unique in Southeast Asia. From Peking he borrowed the idea of personally going out to build roads and wells. He has now decreed that every Cambodian official should perform two weeks' manual labor each year.

Sihanouk angrily denies that he is sympathetic to the Communists. "Western newspapers call me the Red Prince," he told me as he sipped his glass of champagne. "I'm not Red. I'm as much against Communism as anyone in the western world. But I realize Communism has to be fought with the methods the Communists themselves use. I have copied some of these methods—in manual labor, for instance. You must make people realize you are doing things for them. We are doing it here in our way. The West ought to be doing it in its way. You must remember that the people will eventually decide the fate of the underdeveloped countries."

On that point there is no unanimity among westerners in Pnompenh. To many it still seems that Sihanouk has opened the country to the challenge of competitive coexistence on Communist terms and that Peking, not the people, will decide Cambodia's fate.

The Road to Sihanoukville

Sihanouk's dalliance with the Communists dates from his visits to Peking and Moscow in 1956. Chou En-lai returned the visit in November of that year and set up an economic mission to administer the first grants of Chinese aid. While the United States maintained the Cambodian Army and police force and contributed about $32 million a year for small-scale economic projects, the Chinese embarked on a series of cheap projects with maximum immediate impact, including the construction of paper and plywood mills, a cement plant, and a textile mill. The Chinese Communists also began a campaign to establish control over the economically important local Chinese community of about half a million. This long-range campaign began by eliminating Hong Kong as a channel for family remittances to China and ended by establishing a tax described as a "contribution to the national cause," through which the economic mission, and subsequently the Chinese Embassy, financed various special projects in Cambodia.

These projects included subsidies to the Cambodian, Chinese, and Vietnamese newspapers and a cash distribution of between $600,000 and $700,000 to the fourteen provincial governors for any works they considered desirable. Chou En-lai made a personal gift of a radio station to Sihanouk which, next to Radio Hanoi in North Vietnam, has the most powerful transmitter in Southeast Asia.

So far, Communist China has contributed about $28 million in aid to Cambodia compared with a total of $230 million by the United States. One single American project, a highway connecting the capital with the new port of Sihanoukville, built with French aid, cost more than all the Chinese projects put together. In terms of winning friends and influencing people, however, the Chinese are a long way in front. To many Cambodians even the American highway is of dubious worth. The Communist propaganda that it has been built only to rush tanks and troops into the country in event of war has been quite effective. Some informed Cambodians claim that it is uneconomic to move rice, the principal export crop, by road and that, in any case, road transport would tie up the country's entire fleet of trucks. After the United States handed over the road to the Cambodians last July, landslides and unexpected sinkings and shiftings of the highway surface gave the Communists a basis for spreading stories that it was unsafe for travel and that the Americans had saddled the Cambodian government with a potentially dangerous white elephant.

Sihanouk does not publicly subscribe to these stories, but his praise of the road is very faint. He told me that it was "good" aid, but not so good, he was quick to add, as the five-hundred-bed Russian hospital, built at a cost of $10 million, now rising on the edge of Pnompenh.

Amid general doubts and confusion over the road, the Chinese made a telling psychological offer to build a light railway connecting Pnompenh with Sihanoukville to move the export rice crop more cheaply. The Chinese also offered to take over from the Americans the maintenance, and from the French the training, of the 31,000-man Cambodian Army. They were anxious to provide two thousand technicians to help in rural districts, to increase rice production, to take Cambodians for training in Chinese technical schools, and to get a foothold in Cambodia's own schools. Sihanouk rejected most of these propositions outright. He did not wish to see the Chinese meddling with the army or in the schools, and he has long been alert to Communist activities among the younger intellectuals, the schoolmasters and the teacher trainees. He did not like the idea of Chinese Communist cadres wandering about unsupervised in every district, and he is still hesitating about the railway. There is no doubt, however, that China, though it has never been less popular elsewhere in Southeast Asia, has succeeded in establishing a Cambodian beachhead. Some hundreds of Chinese experts are scouring the country for oil, coal, and iron. Others are working on simple irrigation schemes and small projects that bring them into direct and friendly contact with the Cambodian people. Moreover, the flow of Chinese goods into Cambodia has emphasized China's growing industrial capacity, a point of some significance in an underdeveloped country.

Sihanouk's own impetuosity has not always been free of anti-western overtones. His recognition of Communist China in 1958 was primarily a gesture of protest against the West, calculated to annoy his Thai and South Vietnamese neighbors with whom he was quarreling. It was also a warning to the whole Southeast Asia Treaty Organization that neutralist Cambodia could count on a big brother if its neighbors persisted in unfriendly acts.

No Safety Net Below

To Sihanouk this is all part of the tightrope act. For the moment he has passed through the anti-SEATO phase and is now devoting himself to giving the Communists a drubbing. Last August he began a series

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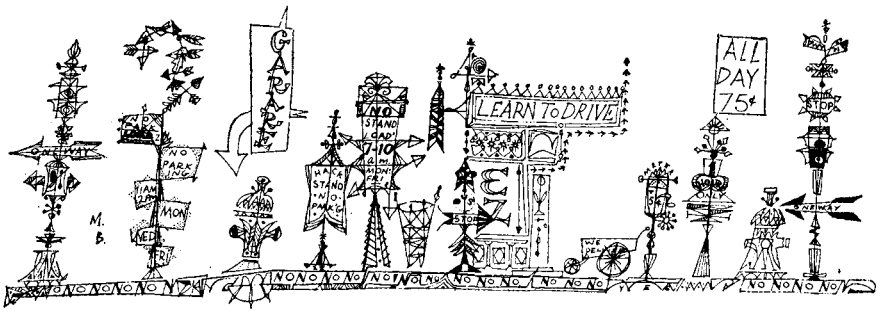
of anti-Communist articles in the French-language newspaper *Réalités Cambodgiennes,* and took the lead in establishing a new Khmer-language newspaper, *Nationalist,* in which on September 26 he denounced the pro-Communist press as traitorous. Accusing the Cambodian Communists of taking money and orders from unnamed but obvious powers, Sihanouk added that if they didn't, then they surely possessed "the clairvoyance of Buddha."

To a point these capricious about-faces have proved successful. Cambodia has preserved its independence; it has made steady economic progress; and it has so far avoided the open and sometimes armed insurrection that has occurred in Laos. In evaluating the significance of all this, however, there are several important points to be borne in mind. The first is that Laos and South Vietnam both serve as buffer areas for Cambodia, shielding it and protecting it from indirect aggression of the type that Laos has suffered. A second point is that Sihanouk's Cambodia is scarcely a model for other small and underdeveloped states to follow. The black market is an open scandal. Corruption has reached such lengths that Sihanouk in his Paris speech even declared that a rebel, Sam Sary, his former friend and onetime ambassador to London, had once bought the position of secretary-general of Sihanouk's own Sangkhum Party.

WITH THE CRY that all must rally to the throne, Sihanouk has presented the Cambodian people with a comparatively benign and, for a time at least, tolerable régime. Since independence the school population has increased from 50,000 to 500,000; the new Russian hospital, the Chinese factories, and even the American road are powerful symbols; and Sihanouk's preoccupation with ancient quarrels across the Thai and Vietnamese borders serves to maintain the loyalty of the army and the peasantry.

As long as Sihanouk is able to continue the astonishing balancing act he has chosen to perform, Cambodia may survive. But as he would be the first to admit, it's a tricky business and there is no safety net below.



Home Is Where You Park It

VIRGINIA HELD

IN 1946 William B. MacDonald, Jr., president of the Mid-States Corporation, got to thinking that the word "trailer" had a disagreeably negative connotation, as something you dragged along behind you. He decided to call his products "mobile homes." Since then, all residences on wheels have been getting longer and longer, as well as somewhat wider, and there has been a boom in Mr. MacDonald's business and that of the more than two hundred other manufacturers of what used to be called trailers.

Only sixteen thousand trailers were turned out in 1940; now Americans are able to choose from about ten times that many. Thirteen of every hundred people who bought homes in 1958 bought mobile ones, and soon twenty per cent of all the housing units built in the United States may be on wheels. The most favored locations in which to anchor mobile homes are Florida and Southern California, but cities and rural communities throughout the nation are increasingly dotted with them.

Immobility on Wheels

The operator of a New Jersey trailer court I inspected, which was full to capacity with 120 mobile homes, had just invested $112,000 for additional land. The operators of mobile-home courts are doing very well, he told me contentedly. In his court, which is in the Garden State's heavy-scented industrial heartland less than half an hour from midtown Manhattan, the mobile-home owner can get, for thirty-six dollars a month, a tiny plot of land on which to park his trailer a hundred yards or so from a railroad track, with a fine view of old factories and warehouses. For each plot, the trailer court has brought in city gas and electricity, city water, telephone hookups, and a sewer system to which the mobile-home owner can plug in his facilities. The management provides topsoil and a few trees, but the tenants plant and tend their own flowers and grass in the little spaces of earth between the pavement. The court is cozy; trailers are twelve to fifteen feet apart.

The actual mobility of the mobile home dwellers at the court I visited is not great. The turnover, except among the people with travel trailers who stop for a night or two, is less than five per cent a year. People live here just as if they were living in apartments (where the turnover is often higher) and most of them have no intention of moving on.

Moving a mobile home is not such a simple matter anyway. A trailer more than thirty-five feet long and eight feet wide has to be towed by a truck with a permit obtained from every state through which it is to travel. To hire a mover to pull a mobile home forty-six feet long from New York to Jacksonville costs about $450—about a hundred dollars more than it would cost to move all one's belongings from an apartment of comparable size. In a trailer park for retired people in Florida, many of the residents of mobile homes keep smaller travel trailers which they can tow behind the family car when they want to go on trips.

Prospective buyers of mobile

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homes can now choose from models costing about $3,500 (travel trailers without much equipment can be considerably less) all the way up to a special unit with a swimming pool on the roof and a price tag of $50,000. Many models have two or three bedrooms. A typical new mobile home I looked at was ten feet wide (the maximum allowed in most states) and fifty feet long, and cost $7,400 for living room, kitchen, bathroom, and double bedroom, complete with furniture and appliances. In the living room were a brown-and-yellow sofa with silver streaks, an orange chair, aqua pillows, tan draperies studded with brown and orange squares and shapes, and even a fake fireplace with electric-bulb flames. The adjoining kitchen had all-pink appliances and a gilded dinette set. Among enthusiasts, incidentally, "mobile" is pronounced to rhyme with "noble."

Most of the trailer-court tenants I talked with are enthusiastic. "I'll never live in anything else again," said the young wife of a bank guard, sitting under her mauve-and-white aluminum awning attachment. "We moved here from a five-room apartment and I feel I have more space now. We looked around and this seemed like the best place to live for the money."

A former kindergarten teacher, wife of the owner of a construction business, saw the economic picture somewhat differently. With two small children, they find use for every square inch of their forty-six-foot-by-eight-foot quarters. "You shouldn't get the idea, which I find a lot of people have, that living in a trailer is cheap," she said. "For the five years in which we have to pay off the trailer, it costs us $130 a month to live here. After that it will be around $70, including gas, electricity, and so forth."

THE GREATEST PROBLEM facing the mobile-home industry is land space. Zoning restrictions are a constant harassment, and community feeling against colonies of house trailers is often intense. Much of this stems from the days when the people living in trailers were mainly rootless, poorly paid laborers. The average income of the family on wheels today is $5,300, but a mobile home, alone or in a trailer park, is still far from being an aesthetic addition to any community.

Advertisements and publicity pictures show mobile homes in as homey a setting as possible: elaborate steps with iron railings lead up to the door, flowers and shrubs grow profusely around the base to hide the wheels and air space, and sometimes the manufacturers put a gently sloping little roof over the center third of the trailer. Inside, a mobile home can be as attractive and comfortable as a small house, but the fact remains that from the outside it simply looks like a trailer. It is an extended box with slanting ends or egg-shaped sides, and it usually has a pair of bold red stripes or a giant aqua arrow running across and up it as well.

"A few manufacturers have tried selling mobile homes that looked more like houses, but the things just don't sell," a mobile-home dealer told me; "the customers seem to like the gaudy colors and streamlined styling."

The Practical Adventurers

Why are trailers so popular? A mobile-home executive with an office full of piped-in music told me that there are four main groups of people living in houses on wheels:

There are the skilled migratory workers like carpenters, electricians, and engineers, who set up factories or missile bases and then move on—this is the largest group; there are career servicemen with families who may have to move to new bases where housing is inadequate; there are retired people who may want to spend part of the year in a warm climate; and there are people vacationing with small travel trailers.

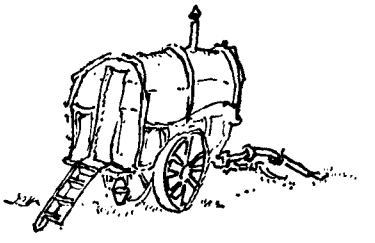
The average mobile-home owner moves every twenty-seven months; the average mobile home costs $5,500, and provides adequate furnished housing more cheaply than any other available in many areas. Still, though practical considerations explain much of the popularity of mobile homes, they don't quite tell the whole story. Many people are buying trailers which are not cheaper than an apartment, which are less attractive than a house, and which they often have no intention of moving.

For one thing, there seems to be something about living in a trailer that makes those who do feel a bit adventurous and draws them together. A former California rancher with a gentle voice, kindly eyes, and a painted sport shirt was touring the country with his wife in a twenty-six-foot trailer. He said they had only to pull up in a park and neighbors would come with flowers or berries, and in no time at all they would have a new set of friends—engineers, doctors, schoolteachers, all sorts of people; he had in his pocket the addresses of dozens he was going to write to.

"You don't find this kind of sociability anywhere else, except maybe among campers," he said, "and a trailer is so much more comfortable. Come inside ours, and you'll want to live in one too."

SOME of this feeling extends from those who actually travel in trailers to those who just live in them, and this is one of the main attractions of this form of housing for retired people. Then there is the fact that a mobile home offers the satisfaction of ownership without as many responsibilities as a house; the trailer-court operator takes over many of the worries, and often provides shuffleboard, movies, and supper parties into the bargain.

"But most of all," said the businessman who had made a success of anticipating the growing demand for trailer-park space, "a mobile home gives people the feeling of being able to move if they want to. If they don't know where they want to live, or where the best job will turn up, or where they want to retire to, they buy a mobile home with the idea that they can always pick up and go somewhere else. It lets them think they're not tied down. Usually they stay right where they are, but the trailer makes them feel they don't have to make up their minds, or stay where they don't seem to count."



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The Hollow Miracle

Notes on the German Language

GEORGE STEINER

AGREED: postwar Germany is a miracle. But it is a very queer miracle. There is a superb frenzy of life on the surface; but at the heart, there is a queer stillness. Go there: look away for a moment from the marvel of the production lines; close your ears momentarily to the rush of the motors.

The thing that has gone dead is the German language. Open the daily papers, the magazines, the flood of popular and learned books pouring off the new printing presses; go to hear a new German play; listen to the language as it is spoken over the radio or in the Bundestag. It is no longer the language of Goethe, Heine, and Nietzsche. It is not even that of Thomas Mann. Something immensely destructive has happened to it. It makes noise. It even communicates, but it creates no sense of communion.

Languages are living organisms. Infinitely complex, but organisms nevertheless. They have in them a certain life force, and certain powers of absorption and growth. But they can decay and they can die.

A language shows that it has in it the germ of dissolution in several ways. Actions of the mind that were once spontaneous become mechanical, frozen habits (dead metaphors, stock similes, slogans). Words grow longer and more ambiguous. Instead of style, there is rhetoric. Instead of precise common usage, there is jargon. Foreign roots and borrowings are no longer absorbed into the blood stream of the native tongue. They are merely swallowed and remain an alien intrusion. All these technical failures accumulate to the essential failure: the language no longer sharpens thought but blurs it. Instead of charging every expression with the greatest available energy and directness, it loosens and disperses the intensity of feeling. The language is no longer adventure (and a live language is the highest adventure of which the human brain is capable). In short, the language is no longer lived; it is merely spoken.

That condition can last for a very long time (observe how Latin remained in use long after the springs of life in Roman civilization had run dry). But where it has happened, something essential in a civilization will not recover. And it has happened in Germany. That is why there is at the center of the miracle of Germany's material resurrection such a profound deadness of spirit, such an inescapable sense of triviality and dissimulation.

WHAT brought death to the German language? That is a fascinating and complicated piece of history. It begins with the paradoxical fact that German was most alive before there was a unified German state. The poetic genius of Luther, Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, Heine, and in part that of Nietzsche, predates the establishment of the German nation. The masters of German prose and poetry were men not caught up in the dynamism of Prussian-Germanic national consciousness as it developed after the foundation of modern Germany in 1870. They were, like Goethe, citizens of Europe, living in princely states too petty to solicit the emotions of nationalism. Or, like Heine and Nietzsche, they wrote from outside Germany. And this has remained true of the finest of German literature even in recent times. Kafka wrote in Prague, Rilke in Prague, Paris, and Duino.

The official language and literature of Bismarck's Germany already had in them the elements of dissolution. It is the golden age of the militant historians, of the philologists and the incomprehensible metaphysicians. These mandarins of the new Prussian empire produced that fearful composite of grammatical ingenuity and humorlessness which made the word "Germanic" an equivalent for dead weight. Those who escaped the Prussianizing of the language were the mutineers and the exiles, like those Jews who founded a brilliant journalistic tradition, or Nietzsche, who wrote from abroad.

For to the academicism and ponderousness of German as it was written by the pillars of learning and society between 1870 and the First World War, the imperial régime added its own gifts of pomp and mystification. The "Potsdam style" practiced in the chancelleries and bureaucracy of the new empire was a mixture of grossness ("the honest speech of soldiers") and high flights of romantic grandeur (the Wagne-

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rian note). Thus university, officialdom, army, and court combined to drill into the German language habits no less dangerous than those they drilled into the German people: a terrible weakness for slogans and pompous clichés (*Lebensraum,* "the yellow peril," "the Nordic virtues"); an automatic reverence before the long word or the loud voice; a fatal taste for saccharine pathos (*Gemütlichkeit*) beneath which to conceal any amount of rawness or deception. In this drill, the justly renowned school of German philology played a curious and complex role. Philology places words in a context of older or related words, not in that of moral purpose and conduct. It gives to language formality, not form. It cannot be a mere accident that the essentially philological structure of German education yielded such loyal servants to Prussia and the Nazi Reich. The finest record of how the drill call of the classroom led to that of the barracks is contained in the novels of Heinrich Mann, particularly in *Der Untertan.*

WHEN the soldiers marched off to the 1914 war, so did the words. The surviving soldiers came back, four years later, harrowed and beaten. In a real sense, the words did not. They remained at the front and built between the German mind and the facts a wall of myth. They launched the first of those big lies on which so much of modern Germany has been nurtured: the lie of "the stab in the back." The heroic German armies had not been defeated; they had been stabbed in the back by "traitors, degenerates, and Bolsheviks." The Treaty of Versailles was not an awkward attempt by a ravaged Europe to pick up some of the pieces but a scheme of cruel vengeance imposed on Germany by its greedy foes. The responsibility for unleashing war lay with Russia or Austria or the colonial machinations of "perfidious England," not with Prussian Germany.

There were many Germans who knew that these were myths and who knew something of the part that German militarism and race arrogance had played in bringing on the holocaust. They said so in the political cabarets of the 1920's, in the experimental theater of Brecht, in the writings of the Mann brothers, in the graphic art of Käthe Kollwitz and George Grosz. The German language leapt to life as it had not done since the Junkers and the philologists had taken command of it. It was a brilliant, mutinous period. Brecht gave back to German prose its Lutheran simplicity and Thomas Mann brought into his style the supple, luminous elegance of the classic and Mediterranean tradition. These years, 1920-1930, were the *anni mirabiles* of the modern German spirit. Rilke composed the *Duino Elegies* and the *Sonnets to Orpheus* in 1922, giving to German verse a wing stroke and music it had not known since Hölderlin. *The Magic Mountain* appeared in 1924, Kafka's *Castle* in 1926. *The Three-Penny Opera* had its premiere in 1928, and in 1930 the German cinema produced *The Blue Angel.* The same year appeared the first volume of Robert Musil's strange and vast meditation on the decline of western values, *The Man Without Qualities.* During this glorious decade, German literature and art shared in that great surge of the western imagination which encompassed Faulkner, Hemingway, Joyce, Eliot, Proust, D. H. Lawrence, Picasso, Schönberg, and Stravinsky.

But it was a brief noontime. The obscurantism and hatreds built into the German temper since 1870 were too deep-rooted. In an uncannily prophetic "Letter from Germany," Lawrence noted how "the old,

bristling, savage spirit has set in." He saw the country turning away "from contact with western Europe, ebbing to the deserts of the east." Brecht, Kafka, and Thomas Mann did not succeed in mastering their own culture, in imposing on it the humane sobriety of their talent. They found themselves first the eccentrics, then the hunted. New linguists were at hand to make of the German language a political weapon more total and effective than any history had known, and to degrade the dignity of human speech to the level of baying wolves.

FOR LET US KEEP one fact clearly in mind: the German language was not innocent of the horrors of Nazism. It is not merely that a Hitler, a Goebbels, and a Himmler happened to speak German. Nazism found in the language precisely what it needed to give voice to its savagery. Hitler heard inside his native tongue the latent hysteria, the confusion, the quality of hypnotic trance. He plunged unerringly into the undergrowth of language, into those zones of darkness and outcry which are the infancy of articulate speech, and which come before words have grown mellow and provisional to the touch of the mind. He sensed in German another music than that of Goethe, Heine, and Mann; a rasping cadence, half nebulous jargon, half obscenity. And instead of turning away in nauseated disbelief, the German people gave massive echo to the man's bellowing. It bellowed back out of a million throats and smashed-down boots. A Hitler would have found reservoirs of venom and moral illiteracy in any language. But by virtue of recent history, they were nowhere else so ready and so near the very surface of common speech. A language in which one can write a "Horst Wessel Lied" is ready to give hell a native tongue. (How should the word *"spritzen"* recover a sane meaning after having signified to millions the "spurting" of Jewish blood from knife points?)

And that is what happened under the Reich. Not silence or evasion, but an immense outpouring of precise, serviceable words. It was one of the peculiar horrors of the Nazi era that all that happened was recorded, catalogued, chronicled, set down; that words were committed to saying things no human mouth should ever have said and no paper made by man should ever have been inscribed with. It is nauseating and nearly unbearable to recall what was wrought and spoken, but one must. In the Gestapo cellars, stenog-

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raphers (usually women) took down carefully the noises of fear and agony wrenched, burned, or beaten out of the human voice. The tortures and experiments carried out on live beings at Belsen and Matthausen were exactly recorded. The regulations governing the number of blows to be meted out on the flogging blocks at Dachau were set down in writing. When Polish rabbis were compelled to shovel out open latrines with their hands and mouths, there were German officers there to record the fact, to photograph it, and to label the photographs. When the SS elite guards separated mothers from children at the entrance to the death camps, they did not proceed in silence. They proclaimed the imminent horrors in loud jeers: "*Heida, heida, juchheisassa, Scheissjuden in den Schornstein!*"

The unspeakable being said, over and over, for twelve years. The unthinkable being written down, indexed, filed for reference. The men who poured quicklime down the openings of the sewers in Warsaw to kill the living and stifle the stink of the dead wrote home about it. They spoke of having to "liquidate vermin." In letters asking for family snapshots or sending season's greetings. Silent night, holy night, *Gemütlichkeit*. A language being used to run hell, getting the habits of hell into its syntax. Being used to destroy what there is in man of man and to restore to governance what there is of beast. Gradually, words lost their original meaning and acquired nightmarish definitions. *Jude, Pole, Russe* came to mean two-legged lice, putrid vermin which good Aryans must squash, as a party manual said, "like roaches on a dirty wall." "Final solution," *endgültige Lösung*, came to signify the death of six million human beings in gas ovens.

THE LANGUAGE was infected not only with these great bestialities. It was called upon to enforce innumerable falsehoods, to persuade the Germans that the war was just and everywhere victorious. As defeat began closing in on the thousand-year Reich, the lies thickened to a constant snowdrift. The language was turned upside down to say "light" where there was blackness and "victory" where there was disaster. Gott-

fried Benn, one of the few decent writers to stay inside Nazi Germany, noted some of the new definitions from the dictionary of Hitler German:

"In December 1943, that is to say at a time when the Russians had driven us before them for 1,500 kilometers, and had pierced our front in a dozen places, a first lieutenant, small as a hummingbird and gentle as a puppy, remarked: 'The main thing is that the swine are not breaking through.' 'Break through,' 'roll back,' 'clean up,' 'flexible, fluid lines of combat'—what positive and negative power such words have; they can bluff or they can conceal. Stalingrad—a tragic accident. The defeat of the U-boats—a small, accidental technical discovery by the British. Montgomery chasing Rommel 4,000 kilometers from El Alamein to Naples—treason of the Badoglio clique."

And as the circle of vengeance closed in on Germany, this snowdrift of lies thickened to a frantic blizzard. Over the radio, between the interruptions caused by air-raid warnings, Goebbels's voice assured the German people that "titanic secret weapons" were about to be launched. On one of the very last days of Götterdämmerung, Hitler came out of his bunker to inspect a row of ashen-faced fifteen-year-old boys recruited for a last-ditch defense of Berlin. The order of the day spoke of "volunteers" and elite units gathered invincibly around the Führer. The nightmare fizzled out on a shameless lie. The *Herrenvolk* was solemnly told that Hitler was in the front-line trenches, defending the heart of his capital against the Red beasts. Actually, the buffoon lay dead with his mistress, deep in the safety of his concrete lair.

LANGUAGES have great reserves of life. They can absorb masses of hysteria, illiteracy, and cheapness (George Orwell showed how English is doing so today). But there comes a breaking point. Use a language to conceive, organize, and justify Belsen; use it to make out specifications for gas ovens; use it to dehumanize man during twelve years of calculated bestiality. Something will happen to it. Make of words what Hitler and Goebbels and the hundred thousand *Untersturmführer* made: conveyors of terror and falsehood. Something will happen to the words. Something of the lies and sadism will settle in the marrow of the language. Imperceptibly at first, like the poisons of radiation sifting silently into the bone. But the cancer will begin, and the deep-set destruction. The language will no longer grow and freshen. It will no longer perform, quite as well as it used to, its two principal functions: the conveyance of humane order which we call law, and the communication of the quick of the human spirit which we call grace. In an anguished note in his diary for 1940, Klaus Mann observed that he could no longer read new German books: "Can it be that Hitler has polluted the language of Nietzsche and Hölderlin?" It can.

But what happened to those who are the guardians of a language, the keepers of its conscience? What happened to the German writers? A number were killed in the concentration camps; others, such as Walter Benjamin, killed themselves before the Gestapo could get at them to obliterate what little there is in a man of God's image. But the major writers went into exile. The best playwrights: Brecht and Zuckmayer. The most important novelists: Thomas Mann, Werfel, Feuchtwanger, Heinrich Mann, Stefan Zweig, Hermann Broch.

This exodus is of the first impor-

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tance if we are to understand what has happened to the German language and to the soul of which it is the voice. Some of these writers fled for their lives, being Jews or Marxists or otherwise "undesirable vermin." But many could have stayed as honored Aryan guests of the régime. The Nazis were only too anxious to secure the luster of Thomas Mann's presence and the prestige that mere presence would have given to the cultural life of the Reich. But Mann would not stay. And the reason was that he knew exactly what was being done to the German language and that he felt that only in exile might that language be kept from final ruin. When he emigrated, the sycophantic academics of the University of Bonn deprived him of his honorary doctorate. In his famous open letter to the dean, Mann explained how a man using German to communicate truth or humane values could not remain in Hitler's Reich:

"The mystery of language is a great one; the responsibility for a language and for its purity is of a symbolic and spiritual kind; this responsibility does not have merely an aesthetic sense. The responsibility for language is, in essence, human responsibility. . . . Should a German writer, made responsible through his habitual use of language, remain silent, quite silent, in the face of all the irreparable evil which has been committed daily, and is being committed in my country, against body, soul and spirit, against justice and truth, against men and man?"

Mann was right, of course. But the cost of such integrity is immense for a writer.

THE GERMAN WRITERS suffered different degrees of deprivation and reacted in different ways. A very few were fortunate enough to find asylum in Switzerland, where they could remain inside the living stream of their own tongue. Others, like Werfel, Feuchtwanger, and Heinrich Mann, settled near each other or formed islands of native speech in their new homeland. Stefan Zweig, safely arrived in Latin America, tried to resume his craft. But despair overcame him. He was convinced that the Nazis would turn German into inhuman gibberish. He saw no future for a man dedicated to the integrity of German letters and killed himself. Others stopped writing altogether. Only the very tough or most richly gifted were able to transform their cruel condition into art.

Pursued by the Nazis from refuge to refuge, Brecht made of each of his new plays a brilliant rear-guard action. The magnificent *Mutter Courage* was first produced in Zurich in the dark spring of 1941. The further he was hounded, the clearer and stronger became Brecht's German. The language seemed to be that of a primer spelling out the ABC of truth. Doubtless, Brecht was helped by his politics. Being a Marxist, he felt himself a citizen of a community larger than Germany and a participant in the forward march of history. He was prepared to accept the desecration and ruin of the German heritage as a necessary tragic prelude to the foundation of a new society. In his tract "Five Difficulties in the Telling of the Truth," Brecht envisioned a new German language, capable of matching the word to the fact and the fact to the dignity of man.

Another writer who made of exile an enrichment was Hermann Broch. *The Death of Virgil* is not only one of the most important novels European literature has produced since Joyce and Proust; it is a specific treatment of the tragic condition of a man of words in an age of brute power. The novel turns on Virgil's decision, at the hour of his death, to destroy the manuscript of the *Aeneid*. He now realizes that the beauty and truth of language are inadequate to cope with human suffering and the advance of barbarism. Man must find a poetry more immediate and helpful to man than that of words: a poetry of action. Broch, moreover, carried grammar and speech beyond their traditional confines, as if these had become too small to contain the weight of grief and insight forced upon a writer by the inhumanity of our times. The novel is organized in the manner of a quartet, the speed of narrative being so controlled as to suggest musical tempo. In the last section (movement) of the work, the temporal and logical conditions of syntax are partially dissolved, and language flows in a free but subtle stream, as if it were actually turning into spoken music. But even this did not satisfy Broch. Toward the close of his rather solitary life (he died in New Haven, nearly unknown), he felt increasingly that communication might lie in modes other than language, perhaps in mathematics, that other face of silence.

OF ALL THE EXILES, Thomas Mann fared best. He had always been a citizen of the world, receptive to the genius of other languages and cultures. In the last part of the *Joseph* cycle, there seemed to enter into Mann's style certain tonalities of English, the language in the midst of which he was now living. The German remains that of the master, but now and again an alien light shines through it. In *Doktor Faustus,* Mann addressed himself directly to the ruin of the German spirit. The novel is shaped by the contrast between the language of the narrator and the events which he recounts. The language is that of a classical humanist, a touch laborious and old-fashioned, but always open to the voices of reason, skepticism, and tolerance. The story of Leverkühn's life, on the other hand, is a parable of unreason and disaster. Leverkühn's personal tragedy prefigures the greater madness of the German people. Even as the narrator sets down his pedantic but humane testimony to the wild destruction of a man of genius, the Reich is shown plunging to bloody chaos. In *Doktor Faustus* there is also a direct consideration of the roles of language and music in the German soul. Mann seems to be saying that the deepest energies of the German soul were always expressed in music rather than in words. And the history of Adrian Leverkühn suggests that this is a fact fraught with danger. For there are in music possibilities of complete irrationalism and hypnosis. Unaccustomed to finding in language any ultimate standard of meaning, the Germans were ready for the subhuman jargon of Nazism. And behind the jargon sounded the great dark chords of Wagnerian ecstasy. In *The Holy Sinner,* one of his last works, Mann returned to the problem of the German language by way of parody and pastiche. The tale is written in elaborate imitation of

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medieval German, as if to remove it as far as possible from the German of the present.

But for all their accomplishment, the German writers in exile could not safeguard their heritage from self-destruction. By leaving Germany, they could protect their own integrity. They witnessed the beginnings of the catastrophe, not its full unfolding. As one who stayed behind wrote: "You did not pay with the price of your own dignity. How, then, can you communicate with those who did?" The books that Mann, Hesse, and Broch wrote in Switzerland or California or Princeton are read in Germany today, but mainly as valuable proof that a privileged world had lived on "somewhere else," outside Hitler's reach.

WHAT, THEN, of those writers who did stay behind? Some became lackeys in the official whorehouse of "Aryan culture," the *Reichsschrifttumskammer*. Others equivocated till they had lost the faculty of saying anything clear or meaningful even to themselves. Klaus Mann gives a brief sketch of how Gerhart Hauptmann, the old lion of realism, came to terms with the new realities:

"Hitler . . . after all, . . . My dear friends! . . . no hard feelings! . . . Let's try to be . . . No, if you please, allow me . . . objective . . . May I refill my glass? This champagne . . . very remarkable, indeed—the man Hitler, I mean . . . The champagne too, for that matter . . . Most extraordinary development . . . German youth . . . About seven million votes . . . As I often said to my Jewish friends . . . Those Germans . . . incalculable nation . . . very mysterious indeed . . . cosmic impulses . . . Goethe . . . Nibelungen Saga. . . . Hitler, in a sense, expresses . . . As I tried to explain to my Jewish friends . . . dynamic tendencies . . . elementary, irresistible. . . ."

Some, like Gottfried Benn and Ernst Jünger, took refuge in what Benn called "the aristocratic form of emigration." They entered the German Army, thinking they might escape the tide of pollution and serve their country in the "old, honorable ways" of the officer corps. Jünger wrote an account of the victorious campaign in France. It is a lyric, elegant little book, entitled *Gärten und Strassen*. Not a rude note in it. An old-style officer taking fatherly care of his French prisoners and entertaining "correct" and even gracious relations with his new subjects. Behind his staff car come the trucks of the Gestapo and the elite guards fresh from Warsaw. Jünger does not mention any such unpleasantness. He writes of gardens.

Benn saw more clearly, and withdrew first into obscurity of style, then into silence. But the sheer fact of his presence in Nazi Germany seemed to destroy his hold on reality. After the war, he set down some of his recollections of the time of night. Among them, we find an incredible sentence. Speaking of pressures put on him by the régime, Benn says: "I describe the foregoing not out of resentment against National Socialism. The latter is now overthrown, and I am not one to drag Hector's body in the dust." One's imagination dizzies at the amount of confusion it must have taken to make a decent writer write that. Using an old academic cliché, he makes Nazism the equivalent of the noblest of Homeric heroes. Being dead, the language turns to lies.

A handful of writers stayed in Germany to wage a covert resistance. One of these very few was Ernst Wiechert. He spent some time in Buchenwald and remained in partial seclusion throughout the war. What he wrote he buried in his garden. He stayed on in constant peril, for he felt that Germany should not be allowed to perish in voiceless suffering. He remained so that an honest man should record for those who had fled and for those who might survive what it had been like. In *Der Totenwald* he gave a brief, tranquil account of what he saw in the concentration camp. Tranquil, because he wished the horror of the facts to cry out in the nakedness of truth. He saw Jews being tortured to death under vast loads of stone or wood (they were flogged each time they stopped to breathe until they fell dead). When Wiechert's arm developed running sores, he was given a bandage and survived. The camp medical officer would not touch Jews or Gypsies even with his glove "lest the odor of their flesh infect him." So they died, screaming with gangrene or hunted by the police dogs. Wiechert saw and remembered. At the end of the war he dug the manuscript out of his garden, and in 1948 published it. But it was already too late.

In the three years immediately following the end of the war, many Germans tried to arrive at a realistic insight into the events of the Hitler era. Under the shadow of the ruins and of economic misery, they considered the monstrous evil Nazism had loosed on them and on the world. Long rows of men and women filed past the bone heaps in the death camps. Returned soldiers admitted to something of what the occupation of Norway or Poland or France or Yugoslavia had been like—the mass shootings of hostages, the torture, the looting. The churches raised their voice. It was a period of moral scrutiny and grief. Words were spoken that had not been pronounced in twelve years. But the moment of truth was rather short.

THE TURNING POINT seems to have come in 1948. With the establishment of the new Deutschmark, Germany began a miraculous ascent to renewed economic power. The country literally drugged itself with hard work. Those were the years in which men spent half the night in their rebuilt factories because their homes were not yet livable. And with this upward leap of material energy came a new myth. Millions of Germans began saying to themselves and to any foreigner gullible enough

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to listen that the past had somehow not happened, that the horrors had been grossly exaggerated by Allied propaganda and sensation-mongering journalists. Yes, there were some concentration camps, and *reportedly* a number of Jews and other unfortunates were exterminated. "But not six million, *lieber Freund,* nowhere near that many. That's just propaganda, you know." Doubtless, there had been some regrettable brutalities carried out on foreign territory by units of the SS and SA. "But those fellows were *Lumpenhunde,* lower-class ruffians. The regular army did nothing of the kind. Not our honorable German Army. And, really, on the Eastern Front our boys were not up against normal human beings. The Russians are mad dogs, *lieber Freund,* mad dogs! And what of the bombing of Dresden?" Wherever one traveled in Germany, one heard such arguments. The Germans themselves began believing them with fervor. But there was worse to come.

GERMANS in every walk of life began declaring that they had not known about the atrocities of the Nazi régime. "We did not know what was going on. No one told us about Dachau, Belsen, or Auschwitz. How should we have found out? Don't blame us." It is obviously difficult to disprove such a claim to ignorance. There *were* numerous Germans who had only a dim notion of what might be happening outside their own backyard. Rural districts and the smaller, more remote communities were made aware of reality only in the last months of the war, when battle actually drew near them. But an immense number *did* know. Wiechert describes his long journey to Buchenwald in the comparatively idyllic days of 1938. He tells how crowds gathered at various stops to jeer and spit at the Jews and political prisoners chained inside the Gestapo van. When the death trains started rolling across Germany during the war, the air grew thick with the sound and stench of agony. The trains waited on sidings at Munich before heading for Dachau, a short distance away. Inside the sealed cars, men, women, and children were going mad with fear and thirst. They screamed for air and water. They screamed all night. People in Munich heard them and told others. On the way to Belsen, a train was halted somewhere in southern Germany. The prisoners were made to run up and down the platform and a Gestapo man loosed his dog on them with the cry: "Man, get those dogs!" A crowd of Germans stood by watching the sport. Countless such cases are on record.

Most Germans probably did not know the actual details of liquidation. They may not have known about the mechanics of the gas ovens (one official Nazi historian called them "the anus of the world"). But when the house next door was emptied over night of its tenants, or when Jews, with their yellow star sewn on their coats, were barred from the air-raid shelters and made to cower in the open, burning streets, only a blind cretin could not have known.

Yet the myth did its work. True, German audiences were moved not long ago by the dramatization of *The Diary of Anne Frank.* But even the terror of the *Diary* has been an exceptional reminder. And it does not show what happened to Anne *inside* the camp. There is little market for such things in Germany. Forget the past. Work. Get prosperous. The new Germany belongs to the future. When recently asked what the name Hitler meant to them, a large number of German schoolchildren replied that he was a man who had built the *Autobahnen* and had done away with unemployment. Had they heard that he was a bad man? Yes, but they did not really know why. Teachers who tried to tell them about the history of the Nazi period had been told from official quarters that such matters were not suitable for children. Some few who persisted had been removed or put under strong pressure by parents and colleagues. Why rake up the past?

Here and there, in fact, the old faces are back. On the court benches sit some of the judges who meted out Hitler's blood laws. On many professorial chairs sit scholars who were first promoted when their Jewish or Socialist teachers had been done to death. In a number of German and Austrian universities, the bullies swagger again with their caps, ribbons, dueling scars, and "pure Germanic" ideals. "Let us forget" is the litany of the new German age. Even those who cannot, urge others to do so. One of the very few pieces of high literature to concern itself with the full horror of the past is Albrecht Goes's *The Burnt Offering.* Told by a Gestapo official that there will be no time to have her baby where *she* is going, a Jewish woman leaves her baby carriage to a decent Aryan shopkeeper's wife. The next day she is deported to the ovens. The empty carriage brings home to the narrator the full sum of what is being committed. She resolves to give up her own life as a burnt offering to God. It is a superb story. But at the outset, Goes hesitates whether it should be told: "One has forgotten. And there must be forgetting, for how could a man live who had not forgotten?" Better, perhaps.

EVERYTHING FORGETS. But not a language. When it has been injected with falsehood, only the most drastic truth can cleanse it. Instead, the postwar history of the German language has been one of dissimulation and deliberate forgetting. The remembrance of horrors past has been largely uprooted. But at a high cost. And German literature is paying it right now. There are gifted younger writers and a number of minor poets of some distinction. But the major part of what is published as serious literature is flat and shoddy. It has in it no flame of life. Compare the best of current journalism with an average number of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of pre-Hitler days; it is at times difficult to believe that both are written in German.

This does not mean that the German genius is mute. There is a brilliant musical life, and nowhere is modern experimental music assured of a fairer hearing. There is, once again, a surge of activity in mathematics and the natural sciences. But music and mathematics are "languages" other than language. Purer, perhaps; less sullied with past implications; abler, possibly, to deal with the new age of automation and electronic control. But not language. And so far, in history, it is language that has been the vessel of human grace and the prime carrier of civilization.

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It's No Scoop

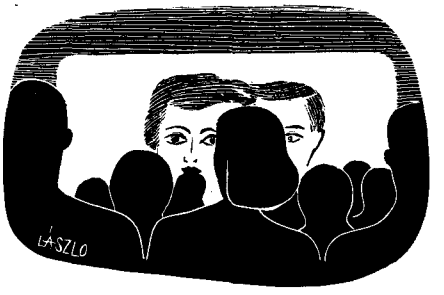
GERALD WEALES

A NUMBER of implied promises rode with *The Story on Page One.* For one thing, it is an original screen play, and that, in this age of adaptation, is a welcome phenomenon. Not only was it to be a movie strong enough to stand on its own feet, without the conventional crutches of prior success as a novel or a play, but it was to be a brave movie as well. At least, that was the message of all the interviews that the author-director, Clifford Odets, granted in the weeks before the picture was released, the exchanges in which he sheathed *The Big Knife* and admitted (no, proclaimed) that Hollywood was now a place in which a creative man could work without shaping his ideas to someone else's last.

The film that has broken through this bright aura of hope turns out to be a fairly conventional courtroom drama in which a wife and her lover are finally, and justly, cleared of having killed her husband. Here we have the usual parade of circumstantial evidence, the certain conviction that collapses beneath the sharp intelligence of the personable young lawyer. (The other variation demands the personable old lawyer, but *Inherit the Wind* is not yet ready for release.) Despite the forces of popular culture—from *Ellery Queen* on television to *The Andersonville Trial* on Broadway—I do not really believe that old show-business bromide that finds inherent drama in any trial. The predictable parade of witnesses, chosen by a careful casting office, does not necessarily add up to aesthetic excitement.

It is not even enough for Anthony Franciosa—playing one of those tough-gentle boys he does so well—to unmask Mildred Dunnock in order to save Rita Hayworth and Gig Young from the death house. *The Story on Page One* needed to be something more than a trial. Given the material that Odets had to deal with, the movie might have gone either of two possible ways. It might have become the social document that its title implies or it might have been the personal story of the two leading characters, the need and love that drew them finally into the accident that landed them in the headlines. In the end, both possibilities are sacrificed to the question-and-answer drama of the courtroom.

THE SOCIAL DOCUMENT goes first. Early in the film, when the mother of the arrested woman comes to the unknown young lawyer for help, he makes a speech—one that sounds like a keynote—in which he insists that no accused person, innocent or guilty, has a chance against the machinery of justice unless he has the money and the influence to build a powerful defense. Our legal system, like any legal system, has defects that should be fair game for the playwright or the moviemaker who wants to take a serious look at our society. For a moment, *The Story on Page One* seems to have a point of view, that necessary place to stand that any social criticism needs. *Seems*



is not *is,* however, and the picture quickly backs away from its initial declaration. There is a special prosecutor, hell-bent for hanging, but he cannot be taken seriously. Sanford Meisner touches his purring viciousness with comedy, but he is simply a one-dimensional villain, marked from the beginning for defeat at the hands of the personable young man. The fade-out at the end finds the lovers joining hands while the camera glances past them at the now empty courtroom, the judgeless bench looming there, solid, benevolent, protecting. Bless you, my children, and there you have the results of Odets's new Hollywood freedom.

The personal story is more fully developed. The flashbacks manage, at least, to give a real sense of the loveless home in which the heroine lives. These scenes, most typically Odets, catch some of the rasp of unhappy family life. The lover's story—the failed marriage, the dead son—edges too often into the maudlin and the standard Oedipal business is injected artificially, Exhibit A for the defense. Odets has managed to make advantageous use of such material before, notably in his play *The Country Girl,* but from the beginning of his career he has balanced on the edge of cliché, and too often, as in this movie, he has tumbled over. Any real attempt to come to grips with the couple and the situations that have made them is discarded; the reactions—her refusal to let her child go on the stand, his shouting out in the court when the prosecutor goes after her—are those of sentimental melodrama.

SO FAR I have expressed only my disappointment in Odets the writer. There is the director, too. *The Story on Page One* is cinematically as old-fashioned as its material. At the beginning, there is a mildly interesting attempt to catch the slightly sleazy texture of the lawyer's office-home and the comfortable dullness of the victim's house. The scenes are reminiscent of the quasi-documentary technique that was popular right after the Second World War, but they have no real validity because Odets seems not to be operating, as, say, Elia Kazan was in *Boomerang!,* from any sense of what a film should be and do. Besides, the sets are plainly artificial approximations of the real thing. Odets's use of flashback is as commonplace at it is inevitable; if only I could remember clearly, says Rita Hayworth, putting her hand to her forehead, and off we go. The bulk of the camera work is dictated by the crippling confines of the courtroom: close-up of the witness, close-up of the attorney, close-up of the nervous defendant, close-up of the wise judge, close-up of the worried mother, close-up, close-up, close-up.

The Story on Page One is really for those moviegoers who like the comfortable feeling of having been there before. It is not an adaptation, it is true, but original . . . well, hardly that.

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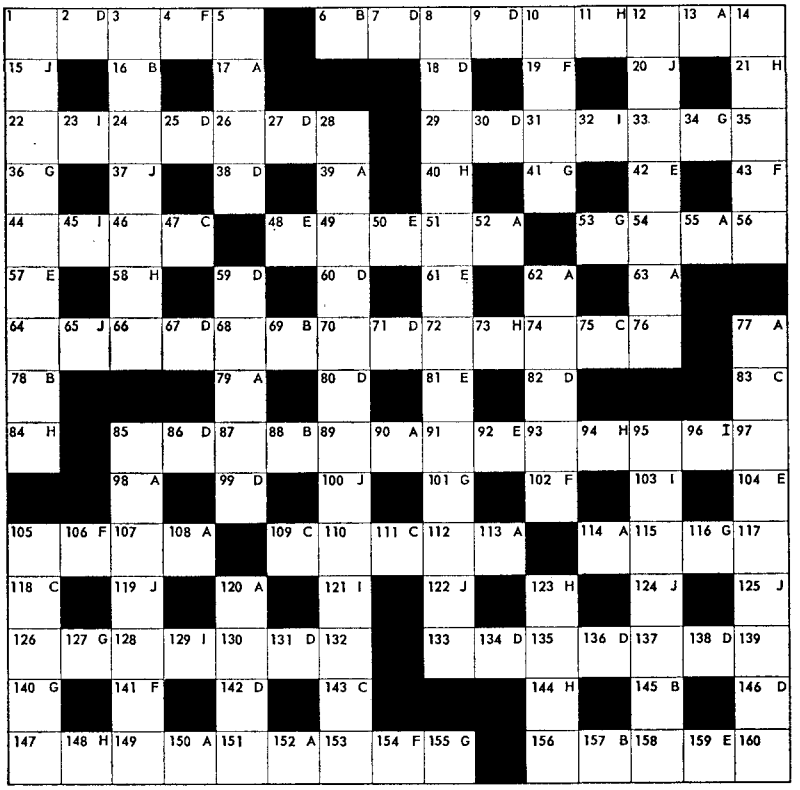
THE REPORTER Puzzle 2

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out a prominent name (the Acrostician).



A. 113 108 17 98 120 63 150 114 152 62 39 13 90 / 79 77 52 55

The job that made the Acrostician famous (7, 2, 3, 5).

B. 16 69 6 78 88 145 157

Elegant variation for bowls of goldfish.

C. 47 109 75 111 118 83 143

Victorian slang for trying to pick up a girl.

D. 38 86 99 82 2 27 60 18 136 67 131 80 30 146 / 25 142 9 59 71 134 7 138

We all campaign for more of them in public life (11, 11).

E. 104 50 48 42 81 61 57 92 159

Metaphorical expression for a selfish purpose to promote (2, 2, 5).

F. 102 19 106 154 141 43 4.

Meaning "Shut up!"; "'Come, stash _____, my lad,' said Green." Reade, Hard Cash (4, 3).

G. 53 116 34 140 127 155 41 36 101

"And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, Slouches towards _____ to be born?" W.B. Yeats, The Second Coming.

H. 11 40 148 94 73 84 21 58 144 123

The kind of highway Christina Rossetti used to compare with life in one of her most famous poems (6, 4).

I. 45 103 121 96 32 129 23

This can be said of profits as well as of understanding.

J. 122 65 100 125 20 119 124 37 15

"By the _____ I do challenge thee." Shakespeare, Love's Labor's Lost, V, ii.

ACROSS

1. Sucha horse is well suited for diversion.
6. Unfastened about a musical instrument is neat.
22. It is dependable to rant and lie apparently.
29. Company of islands.
44. Tea with an edge is neat too.
48. State dear to the Acrostician.
53. Brought up to be Communist?
64. One thousand cool quills in familiar speech.
85. In rebel sphere this is discreditable.
105. Hobo is soft about music but this blow may not be.
109. Occurring in a chest or pains.
114. Fragrant river?
126. This man of panes when beheaded is more indolent.
133. Brush at head gear of 95 down (variant sp.).
147. So not here at first and up front at last.
156. To give and take a kind of leg.

DOWN

1. Not doctrinal but--er--ethical, surely.
3. Upset oil after a dance at Oxford college.
5. Measure in a leafy ear of corn.
8. After the Roman underworld a jewel in an ancestor is a detraction.
10. Leven in the tall Ochils.
12. The more about it can be proved.
14. Madison Avenue copy that's dull as a sermon to this nymph?
28. The factor or the one in charge of commercial aspects of a voyage whence he courts grape (3, 10).
59. Not two-seaters to ride in as you hear, but they keep one in.
62. Unsteady kind of cake.
77. Not of this world, ghostly, but truly a hen nonetheless.
85. A short electrical unit goes wild in a kind of fury.
95. In bed or French Arab?
105. By sound a nip; you can get caught in it.
120. Spring is its season for flying on wing, string.
123. Describing life in tenements and in dyed rabbit fur.

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RECORD NOTES

HAYDN: SYMPHONIES NO. 44 ("MOURNING") AND NO. 57. Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Szymon Goldberg, cond. (*Epic, $5.98;* stereo.)

Except in certain isolated instances, Haydn was not an "involved" creative artist. Usually he kept himself at some remove from his music, which is sane in spirit, masterful in construction, tuneful and pleasing, but which seldom conveys the heights of wrath or ecstasy or grief. But there are exceptions to the rule, and the "Mourning" Symphony is one of the most notable. It dates from 1771, when Haydn was in his fortieth year and about to reach the climax of what music historians term his *Sturm und Drang* period. During these years the expression of personal feelings and strong emotion became Haydn's uppermost preoccupation, and his work communicates an intensity that we more usually associate with the music of Mozart. The "Mourning" Symphony, with its feverishly energetic outer movements and its poignant adagio, is characteristic of this period. Haydn himself thought extremely well of it, for he stipulated in his will that the second movement should be played at his funeral. The Symphony No. 57, new to records, is a more conventional but withal appealing expression.

Szymon Goldberg, an excellent violinist now turned conductor, and his Dutch ensemble manage to avoid the trap of precious antiquarianism and at the same time to skirt the danger of excessive interpretative voltage. Their stylish work here (and in the Bach "Brandenburg" Concertos, also recently issued by Epic) is well worth attention.

BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN CONCERTO. Isaac Stern, violin; New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, cond. (*Columbia, $5.98*; stereo.)

Isaac Stern's right to be accounted a great artist, rather than just an accomplished virtuoso, is potently affirmed in this most recent of his recordings. His approach to the Beethoven concerto has classic restraint, yet nothing about it could be termed cold or mechanical. Surely, it is more than his choice of the Kreisler cadenzas here that reminds one of that beloved musician. Stern does not, of course, attempt to re-create the inimitable, ultraromantic Kreisler style. His playing is indeed quite different. But they share an engaging sense of rubato and a delicate feeling for accentuation.

Bernstein partners Stern sympathetically and the engineering is satisfactory except for a too beefed-up sound in the cadenzas.

VERDI: AIDA. Renata Tebaldi, soprano; Giulietta Simionato, mezzo; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Cornell MacNeil, baritone; *et al.*; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Herbert von Karajan, cond. (*London, $17.94*; stereo.)

In terms of electronics, this new recording of *Aïda* is a triumph. No previous opera performance on records, not even the glorious *Rheingold* produced by the same team of engineers last year, equals its acoustic verities. As a prefatory note in the album explains, *Aïda* abounds in complex sonic perspectives. Each act has passages in which we are supposed to apprehend music issuing simultaneously from quite distinct and separate acoustic environments. The Nile Scene opens with the chant of priests billowing softly from within a temple near the backdrops while the high priest Ramfis and Amneris hold an *al fresco* colloquy up near the footlights. The final scene introduces a split-level perspective—Aïda and Radames immured in a small stone tomb below, Amneris and the priests and priestesses standing in the spacious Temple of Vulcan above.

To convey these perspectives to the home listener, London's engineers followed certain electronic procedures new to gramophony, notably the multiple-studio technique, which allowed simultaneous employment of six acoustically varied studios (a main hall plus five smaller areas for subsidiary forces) all linked to the conductor's beat by closed-circuit television. The sonic illusions thus created are highly impressive. The priests in the Nile Scene do sound as though they are heard from afar across the night air, and the power, breadth, and clarity of the Triumphal Scene's massed forces are no less than galvanic.

It would be pleasant to report that all this electronic science supports some notable musical artistry, but in fact it serves mainly to accentuate the drabness of a thoroughly undistinguished performance. Much of Tebaldi's singing is heavy and labored; her top notes are at times unpleasantly off pitch and the rapturous floating quality of tone with which she used to delight us is seldom in evidence. A monophonic recording of *Aïda* made eight years ago is a decidedly better memento of her abilities in this role. Carlo Bergonzi, the Radames, phrases with style and reticence (he is one of the few Italian tenors now before the public who can approach a high note without a vulgar scoop), but he does not as yet possess the ringing, robust vocal timbre which the role demands and which we can hear in the recordings of Bjoerling and Martinelli, to say nothing of Caruso. Simionato is an opulent Amneris and MacNeil a clarion if unsubtle Amonasro, but in *Aïda* the mezzo and baritone cannot offset the failings of soprano and tenor.

The most serious trouble with this *Aïda,* however, lies not so much with the singers as with the conductor. In the light of Von Karajan's operatic reputation and his previous recorded Verdi (*Trovatore* and *Falstaff,* both first-rate), the sluggish and tepid direction here is a sad letdown. The tempos are consistently flabby (*"O patria mia,"* for example, dawdles unendingly), and there is little of the rhythmic ebb and flow so vital to Italian opera. It is almost as if Von Karajan did not comprehend the drama going on beneath his baton. A revealing case in point is the conclusion of Act III, when Radames realizes to his sudden stupefaction that he has unwittingly betrayed Egypt to the enemy (*"Tu! Amonasro! tu! il re!"*). To compare Von Karajan's tedious pacing of this passage with Toscanini's electrifying account of it (in RCA Victor LM 6132) is almost like hearing two different pieces of music. Even the panoply of the Triumphal Scene is disappointing. The sound of orchestra, stage bands, and singers is suave and balanced, but the snap and brassy glitter of the scene (again compare with Toscanini) are largely missing.

Not even stupendous electronics can prevent a mediocre performance of *Aïda* from being a bore.

—ROLAND GELATT

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BOOKS

Mr. Lincoln Meant Just What He Said

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

CRISIS OF THE HOUSE DIVIDED: AN INTERPRETATION OF THE ISSUES IN THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES, by Harry V. Jaffa. *Doubleday. $6.50.*

In dealing with a work of literature, how far is the critic entitled to go beyond mere paraphrase or exegesis? There is no definable limit, only a debatable ground on which the good critic will halt somewhere between the commonplace and the cockeyed. It would be safe, but hardly revealing, to remark that Hamlet disliked his uncle; it would be silly to seek anagrammatic clues in the text in order to prove, say, that Shakespeare had foretold the hydrogen bomb. But within limits the critic is of course free to make what he will of the work in question. He confronts a closed, shaped, special world. The characters in a novel or play may be complex, yet what they say and do is both manageably finite and capable of infinite critical elaboration.

The historian, by contrast, is constricted. He is trapped by actuality, must introduce all the evidence, including the small equivocations, the accidents, errors, and ignominies, the jumbled motives that in their pathetic confusion would be irrelevant in a play or novel and might well ruin its shape. The problem grows worse the nearer we approach modern times. Much of the fascination of Greek history is that we know only as much about its ancient heroes as we might learn of characters in imaginative literature. What a clutter, though, of libels, laundry bills, and love affairs in the lives of public men during the last couple of centuries! They may be demigods in popular esteem; but to the professional historian they are all too human, and denigration becomes almost a duty.

The historian of the United States would seem to be particularly constricted. Like any historian, he is largely concerned with disagreements. But American disagreements, we are told, have never been profound, and therefore profound theoretical formulations do not exist either. True, there has been a long American tradition of violence. But that has led only, on occasion, to a suspension of argument, to a tearing up of the script around which the historian might have fashioned a historical work of art. The very awareness of this likelihood, we are assured, has led American arguers to make compromise into a national technique. So, in the grand realm of disputation, the American choices have apparently lain between name calling, reiteration of clichés about democracy, and horse trading.

WHAT of the historian of the United States who analyzes *political* controversy? American politicians are notoriously low brutes, lacking in moral fervor or intellectual distinction. In a nation of bargainers they are par excellence the champions, the professional horse traders. All politicians everywhere exaggerate the virtues of their own party and the vices of their opponents. They can be concerned only indirectly with moral issues. Such issues are always defined for them by the overriding desire to achieve victory for their own team and advancement for their own personal careers. In America, where party lines are so blurred and where the prizes of victory are so substantial (with the Presidency as the ultimate, tantalizing goal), it would seem to follow that no political campaign makes sense unless the assertions of the contenders are severely qualified in the light of their own inevitably tarnished aims.

Do such remarks apply even to the supposedly great figures and to the supposedly great issues of American history—to Abraham Lincoln, for instance, and the slavery issue? Certainly it became fashionable a generation ago to interpret the American Civil War as a conflict that could and should have been avoided. According to this view, extremists on both sides—abolitionists and fire-eaters—stirred up trouble. Political leaders, instead of swapping concessions in the approved American manner, sought irresponsibly to make political profit out of sectional tension. Stephen Douglas, immersed in railroad schemes and in plans to secure the Presidency for himself, wrecked the Compromise of 1850. Lincoln, equally ambitious but hitherto far less successful, saw his chance to exploit divisions within the Democratic Party and win renown as a Republican tactician. The celebrated debates between the two men in 1858 focused on the narrow, unreal topic of slavery in the Western territories: "an imaginary Negro in an impossible place." Douglas, realizing that the territories were, geographically speaking, impossible places for slavery, put forward the useful, face-saving, and thoroughly democratic formula of "popular sovereignty": namely, of letting people in the territories decide for themselves whether they wished to exclude the institution of slavery. Lincoln, more cunning than wise, exaggerated the narrow differences between himself and his opponent. He got himself into the White House. But war followed—and a war not even initially *about* slavery.

THAT, briefly, is the thesis of a good deal of writing about the sectional clashes of the 1850's. It has been reinforced in recent years by the tendency of some American scholars to insist that *if* ideas are weapons, they are best avoided in case we cut ourselves on them. There are signs, though, of a changing intellectual climate, of a renewed interest in the role of ideas in history. Professor Jaffa's book may be symptomatic. At any rate, its tone has very little in common with that of much recent Lincolnology as represented by the late James G. Randall. For Professor Jaffa, who is a political scientist, the struggle of Lincoln and

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Douglas is a moral drama conducted at the highest level and embracing issues of profound significance. He assumes that both men were ambitious in perfectly laudable ways; that they were immensely able; that they were consistent in their positions; that each had a moral strategy, though his tactics in debate were necessarily less exalted; that each, in other words, had a clear and even noble vision of democracy, and was fully conscious of the far reverberations of his argument. Lincoln's vision was sketched, in part, as early as 1838 when he delivered a lyceum address at Springfield, Illinois. His contributions to the debates of 1858 deserve to be considered almost as *meditations*—meditations upon the most fundamental aspects of government and human nature; and Douglas's speeches, though inferior, are not lacking in grandeur. In Professor Jaffa's view the immediate circumstances of the contest are incidental. Party politics no doubt figured in the calculations of the two men—this is the tactical element—but did not seriously warp or diminish the scope of their discussion.

Douglas and Lincoln resembled one another in a number of respects. Neither liked slavery. Each doubted whether it was feasible to establish a society in which Negroes had full equality with whites. Douglas's "popular sovereignty" was an appealing notion, and a well-intentioned testimony to the efficacy of the democratic idea. But, Professor Jaffa believes, they differed fundamentally—and Lincoln was right and Douglas wrong. Lincoln was right in denying, against the assertions of Douglas and of subsequent historians, that the spread of slavery could be contained by Douglas's method. Popular sovereignty settled nothing: in the phrase of our own generation, it merely passed the buck. Douglas's (and the Democratic) dream of manifest destiny, of an immense extension of the boundaries of the United States, was ominous in itself and fateful as far as ending slavery was concerned. In standing upon the words "all men are created equal," Lincoln recognized the ultimate implication—for the United States, for the world, for posterity—of democracy. He recognized the temptations and weaknesses in the idea of democracy as a

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secular religion—recognized and transcended them. In the author's eyes, Lincoln in 1858 became the leader that American democracy needed. He saved the Union spiritually by risking its physical disruption. A few years afterward he was to become the martyr that the Union also in another sense needed.

To the historian, though possibly not to the general reader, Professor Jaffa's views may seem old-fashioned and unhistorical. Is he justified in so lofty an interpretation of a tussle between two politicians? Is he too ready to discover profundity and consistency in the hurried, harried statements of vote seekers, even an admittedly superior vote seeker such as Lincoln? Is it sensible to treat such statements with the meticulous care a philosopher might devote to a dialogue of Plato, or that a literary scholar might lavish upon Shakespeare? Is this to treat Lincoln and Douglas as ideal figures, to forget that they were real men, bewildered and opportunistic in the real world of time and chance? Is the author applying a variant of the New Criticism to history when, for instance, he spends a whole chapter in dissecting Lincoln's lyceum address of 1838, and another on a curiously florid speech delivered to a temperance society in 1842?

Now and then these questions bothered me in reading this demanding book. But Professor Jaffa laid them to rest. Far from being woolly-minded, he develops his case with admirable rigor. Like Edmund Wilson, whose remarkable essay on Lincoln he quotes, he brings a fresh, well-stocked intellect to bear. He can and does quote facts where his thesis calls for them. How many historians have given due stress, as he does, to the fact that Lincoln's administration *did* abolish slavery in the territories in June, 1862? So much for the widespread belief that Lincoln ignored the issue once he was assured of election. Again like Edmund Wilson, the author convinces us that the words of Lincoln, and of Douglas to a lesser degree, may properly be subjected to the closest analysis. Not only did they use words with a precision rarely observable nowadays; Lincoln at any rate is a stylist of extraordinary range. When it suits him he falls into vernacular humor. But it is a *style* for him, not his sole or even his most natural mode. When he wishes to establish another effect, he can summon up the blowsy rhetoric of the public platform; and I think Professor Jaffa is entitled to maintain that the adoption of such a language is a form of burlesque for one who could speak with magnificent clarity and simplicity.

Professor Jaffa's excellent book demonstrates several things, not all new. Indeed, all of them are old, and old-fashioned, and yet much in need of restatement. He demonstrates the majesty of Lincoln, and the near-greatness of Douglas. He provides a welcome defense of the role of the politician, a man whose trade may be also a calling and whose motives may be mixed without being thereby corrupt. He reminds us that truisms are not always tautologies but may be true and valuable. He recaptures the missionary force of the democratic faith a century ago. He examines the vulgarizations which threatened and still threaten that faith—"dollars and cents," "don't care whether it is voted up or down," "manifest destiny" (which has many guises), "popular sovereignty" (with its foreshadowing of the public-opinion poll, that ready excuse for flabby leadership). He emphasizes, finally, that ideas *are* weapons.

The Mystery of Gertrude Stein

ALFRED KAZIN

The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World, by John Malcolm Brinnin. Illustrated. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.*

Years ago in Italy, I met Gertrude Stein's brother Leo, a vividly eccentric man as interesting for his many crotchets as he was on the subject of his sister. She had died the year before, but he still talked about her with lively resentment. Leo Stein was fascinating to be with, one long day in Settignano and Florence, for he had known many of the painters and poets who created "modern" art in the great years just before the First World War, and he was flavorsomely himself—honest, cranky, neurotic, gossipy, and above all ruminative. To meet him was to be given instant access to everything he was thinking at the moment. He not only shared his meditations with you, he made you feel like a psychoanalyst and brain surgeon invited to poke at his mental insides. He was such an original that you couldn't help wondering what it was that had held him back so long, that had kept him at seventy-five so bitterly jealous of his famous sister.

Afterwards, when I turned to some of Leo Stein's critical essays, I discovered that it was almost impossible to read him. A desperate juvenile conceit shone out of everything he said, and I remembered his hints that privately he had hit upon many of the most influential insights in contemporary psychology and aesthetics, but that he had lacked the concentration—or narrowness of interest, as he allowed you to infer—that had permitted others to make their fame out of such discoveries. The trouble with Leo Stein, I discovered, was that although, in the course of his long self-analysis, many fleeting glimpses of higher things than himself had crossed his mind, he did not know how to work up these ideas, for they were too much attached to himself. Like everyone who is really outside of things, he could function only on the single plane of logicality. He was like Robinson Crusoe stolidly piling one piece of driftwood on another to make a habitation; he thought that he could reason himself into self-confidence, into greatness—in any field. And operating in the same way, he reasoned himself into the belief that not only was he stupendously intelligent, and so could have been a great painter, a great philosopher, a great scholar, but also that other people (like sister Gertrude) were just dumb.

Now sister Gertrude was anything but dumb, and unlike her

(*Continued on page 51*)

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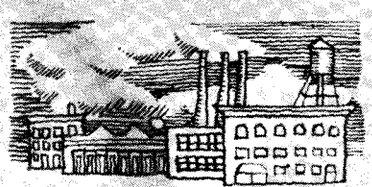

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Ber'nard·ine (bur'ner·din; -dēn), *adj.* Of or [illegible] taining to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, or the branch [illegible] monks instituted (1115) by him. —*n.* A Ber[illegible] bernicle goose. The barnacle goose.

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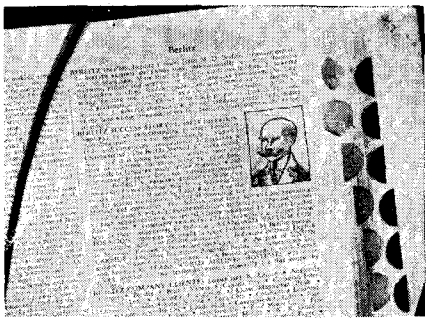
brother Leo, she did not (at least not with strangers) show so many cracks in her armor. She achieved for herself the fame of mental independence, of leadership in the world of art and intellect, that Leo Stein always dreamed of. He must have realized that but for her he would have been overlooked. Yet his real bitterness—that someone as endlessly analytical as himself should have succeeded in one field where he failed in all—was surely misplaced. For if anything is clear about Gertrude Stein's work today, it is that in the great mass of her work she, like her brother, is unreadable, that her work is now a curiosity, even a monstrosity, and has no part in our living and thinking. Mr. Brinnin's book is the best proof of this, for though he has written a book on Gertrude Stein, I cannot see that he gets any more out of her work than most people do. He is engaging and informative on the external social facts of a life lived so much in the creative stream of twentieth-century literature and art, and he is perceptive and deft in his handling of Gertrude Stein's complex personal character. But whenever Mr. Brinnin comes up against her work, it seems to me that he dodges a fundamental problem in connection with it—whether there is something there that people can read and use, whether the work truly *exists* or not.

In writing about Gertrude Stein it is possible to overlook the possible final insignificance of her work even when one seems to be writing about the work itself. She figured importantly (and often just self-importantly) in the best writing of the 1920's, and right now can symbolize our nostalgia for past greatness. Mr. Brinnin writes, "Beyond the luster that poets continue to give this literary age, the excitement of books written thirty, forty and fifty years ago are, sad to say, still the only excitements." Say "Gertrude Stein" to a literary intellectual, and he automatically thinks of Hemingway and Picasso. He may keep thinking of Hemingway and Picasso even when he *reads* a little of Gertrude Stein—so fervently has the record of her associations and teachings impressed itself upon everybody, which is what she tried to do by deliberate lucidity in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* and *Everybody's Autobiography*. And it is perfectly possible to analyze Gertrude Stein's intentions as a writer, to trace the history of her work, without ever coming to grips with the actuality or lack of it in her work. Since she was one of the first to buy Picasso and among the first to appreciate Cézanne, and, as everybody now knows, tried to reproduce in writing certain values of post-impressionist painting, it is possible to discuss her vision, her mode, her intention, as if certain famous pictures themselves gave reality to her work. Mr. Brinnin explains that Gertrude Stein composed her most famous book, *Three Lives,* beneath Cézanne's portrait of his wife—a picture in which the subject is seated in a red chair and wearing a blue dress. Mr. Brinnin, describing her intention, explains that "by a ceaseless flow of half-articulated thoughts, worn phrases of speech and homely inflections from domestic life, she would match Cézanne's iterations of the qualities of light."

Now Mr. Brinnin does not deny that her work is often unsatisfactory. He clearly communicates his exasperation with those lesser works, like *Brewsie and Willie,* that convey her enthusiasm at having been taken up by so many G.I.'s who sought her out in France. Throughout the book he is careful to distinguish between her abstract intentions and actual achievements, and his account of her limitations is certainly correct. As he says, "Perhaps never in all the long association of poets and painters in the same creative climate has a writer attempted with such unabashed literalness to adopt methods springing from the theory and practice of painting. . . . The only course open to literature that would emulate painting was that of contemplating its own structure and image." My objection to his book is not that he overrates her work but that I cannot see a motivating reason for his own book. To write about Gertrude Stein without justifying her work is, at this stage, simply to recall her fashionable doings. Mr. Brinnin manages not only to say all the right things about her work but to hold it at a distance,



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to make us feel that the work is not pressing, of secondary importance.

One can deliberately understress a writer's work in a biography; it is easy to imagine a romantic biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald that does not discuss his work at all. But the importance of Fitzgerald's work would always be in our minds, would alone justify a biography at all. What, without the same mental weight given to her work, justifies a biography of Gertrude Stein? What is the real interest behind it? Partly, no doubt, it is the record of her associations in Paris before and after the First World War. Familiar as much of this material is, Mr. Brinnin makes a fluent social chronicle out of 27, rue de Fleurus, when Picasso came to call, and Matisse and Hemingway and Fitzgerald and Glenway Wescott and Sherwood Anderson and Virgil Thomson and Thornton Wilder. There is still something glorious and incomparably free about that early period—above all, about the years before the First World War, when modernism had not yet lost its connection with revolutionary thinking in all social and ethical fields, had not yet taken on the desperation of the late 1920's, was a long way from the safe investment in established taste that it has become today.

YET BY NOW the record of Gertrude Stein's influence on so many famous writers is not only familiar but mysterious. Consider how much she is supposed to have done for others, and how little she ultimately achieved for herself! I would suggest that one reason for her influence is the fact that these writers were usually men, and that despite her spectacular outward lack of female charm, it was as a woman with a deep rudimentary common sense that she influenced so many male writers. Whatever the sterilities and the self-infatuations in her work, she was a woman of extraordinary insight. She understood men who were writers, she understood fellow minds. Her influence was enormous because writers could pick up extraordinary suggestions from her thinking. She studied the world, from her mind as its center, with an intensity that literally made her a stream of consciousness, and writers could find particles of thought anywhere in this stream. Because of her quickness and her social sense, she was able to size up people quickly, and many of her verbal judgments on people—carefully repeated in her more popular books—are unforgettable. She said of a well-known novelist who has been "promising" all his life—"He has a certain syrup, but does not pour."

But if Gertrude Stein herself has become finally unreadable, it is because she did not think in terms of books at all but in orphic sayings, sentences, rhythmic paragraphs that brought home the sound of herself thinking to herself. She was fascinated by ideas, the outlines of things, the possibilities inherent in all subjects, the hidden voice of the individual beneath his social personality. Unlike so many writers today, who see their opportunity only in the generally accepted, she was utterly fearless and tried everything; there was nothing she ever found in her own mind that seemed alien to literature. If courage were the same as creativity, Gertrude Stein would have been Homer. But creativity is a matter of achieving whole works, not of ideas for books or brilliant passages in books. Gertrude Stein could make a Hemingway or Anderson or Fitzgerald—at times even a Picasso—glow with ideas. But when she sat down to write, she let the stream of all her thoughts flow as if a book were only a receptacle for her mind. One came to suspect that her wisdom was more in the realm of theory than of actuality.

GERTRUDE STEIN'S genius for suggestion actually stays more with poets than it does with novelists. Poetry, by its very essence, deals with a world of essences that can be intimated but not always communicated, and the critical writing of poets is always essentially philosophical. It is noteworthy that Mr. Brinnin, a poet himself, thinks that the only luster today in literature comes from poets, and that in writing about Gertrude Stein's work he communicates more enthusiasm for her intentions—which are pure literary ideas—than for her books, which are usually dead novels. Gertrude Stein may have tried to inject into the novel as a form some of the power that poetry always exerts on the unconscious. So did Joyce and Proust. But both these writers were able to carry through epic works. Even *Finnegans Wake,* though often termed a failure except as "poetry," exists as a shape, is connected from the first word to the last, in the way that Gertrude Stein's works never were.

Both Gertrude and Leo Stein were remarkable people. They were remarkable because they visualized for themselves a power that most people never dream of: they saw themselves as conquerors through thought, through pure thought. Leo Stein hoped, by coming to the root of his difficult personality, to unlock his hidden genius as a psychologist and aesthetician; Gertrude Stein dreamed of finding the formula that would put all other modern writers behind her. She thought she had found it, and she went on writing with the imperturbable smile on the face of a Buddha; she trusted in her thoughts as if she were Moses tuned into the Almighty. But the trouble with these pure thinkers in art, criticism, and psychology is that the mind is always an instrument, not its own clear-cut subject matter. No one, not even a Freud, has ever been really sure just what pure mind is; Freud had too much respect for the truth to think that he had found a realm absolutely detachable from everything else. Gertrude Stein's error was not that she thought of herself as a "genius"—who can say what that is?—but that she identified this genius with pure intellect. She even defined a genius as a representative of the human mind, partly because he understands, without submitting to, the force of human nature. Artists, she thought, are slaves to human nature, are bound by resemblances, subject to sorrow, disappointment, and tears. But "the human mind writes what it is . . . the human mind . . . consists only in writing down what is written and therefore it has no relation to human nature." There is the root of her delusion and of the intolerable conceit that unheedingly drove her work into a corner. Gertrude Stein had a very good mind. But it was not as good as she thought it was, or else she would not have assumed that literature can be written about nothing but the mind itself.

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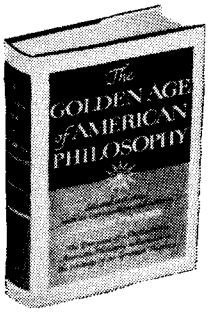

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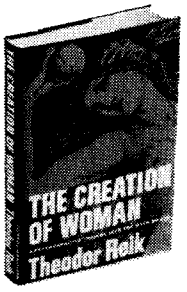

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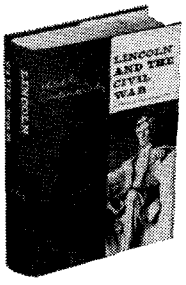

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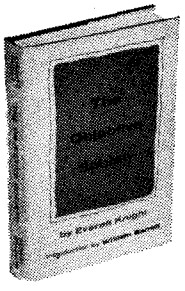

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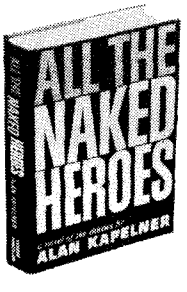

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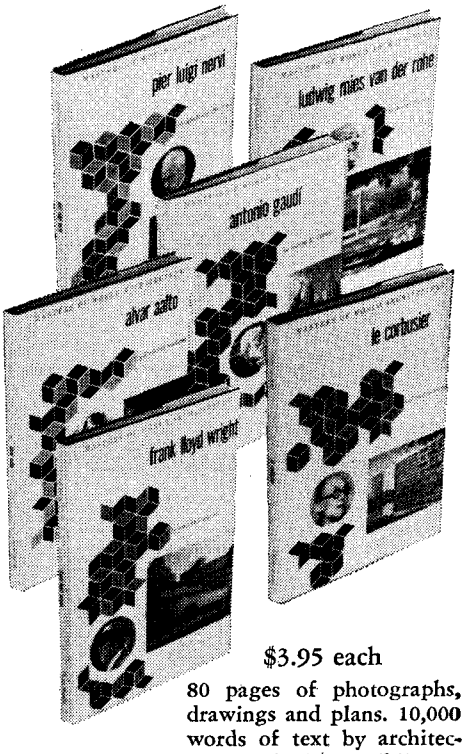

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Pictures at an Exhibition

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

OUR LAST FAMILY COUNTESS AND RELATED STORIES, by Antonio Barolini. Illustrated by Tony Palladino. *Harper. $3.75.*

The Fascists had an unfair advantage. Had Mussolini set up his régime in some dull wasteland, it would have been to no avail that his trains ran on time: few visitors from foreign parts would have chosen to travel on them, and to those few Fascism and its works would at once have been exposed for what they were. Fascism owed both its temporary success and its ultimate failure to the fact that it operated in Italy: a fever in a healthy body, an aberration in a lucid mind, a lapse of taste in a country that for centuries has set standards of superlative good taste for our civilization.

In order to obtain cut-rate railway tickets, the visitor might have to attend some convention under government auspices or visit some Fascist exhibition or other, but the convention could easily mean a trip to the mosaics in Ravenna, and the exhibition could be of Tiepolo or Guardi.

Neither Byzantine nor Venetian art could constitute a persuasive introduction to Fascism, and this thought must have occurred to the authorities, for sometimes their propaganda was less indirect. It was then apt to backfire. Thus, on entering one of the few thoroughly hideous buildings in Rome, the exhibition hall on the via Nazionale, the visitor would find himself standing stunned and embarrassed—along with a blackshirt at parade rest—before the shrine of a Fascist "martyr" while a wired and whispered "Giovinezza" filled this empty funeral parlor in which Fascism's belief in the immortality of its murderous and sometimes murdered elect was proclaimed by the word "*Presente*" inscribed on the walls.

Occasionally a Fascist art exhibition would be at pains, in all innocence, to show gentle nineteenth-century figures, ladies and gentlemen strolling in gardens or playing croquet, or at the seaside, or reading by oil-filled lamps in the living rooms of quiet provincial houses. Or there would be peasants working the fields. These were people who never would have chosen to heed Mussolini's exhortation to die "like lions." Far more than the heroic figures of Dante or Michelangelo—for the giants are a clarion call to heroism to which few are inclined to respond—the quiet, unemphatic figures in that exhibition should have been suspect to the Fascists: they exemplified qualities of restraint and simplicity that Fascism abhorred.

The painting was conventional, unpretentiously descriptive, dependent on subject matter and anecdote. And it provided the visitor with a feeling of tranquillity and repose. (Outside the hall the Fascists marched and countermarched that afternoon; the Duce spoke from his balcony.) And now that thirty years have passed, and with them the war and Fascism, those pictures come back to mind, recalled by Antonio Barolini's delightfully nostalgic volume of short stories, in which he seems to have transposed the pictures' most enduring qualities into prose.

FROM BAROLINI'S story "The Five Spinsters of La Spezia": "In the summer the five regularly departed for their village in the north. They left their winter quarters two days after the end of school and their departure was the city's sign of open season in the same way that their return meant the close of the season and the reopening of school. The trip was a long one, complicated by having to change trains and transfer to buses. For this ordeal they garbed themselves in light dusters with matching veiled hats and gloves, more or less like the outfits of the first pioneer drivers of automobiles. And, when, between trains, this phalanx of women, all alike, appeared in station restaurants, they were always the objects of curiosity and benevolent sarcasm. And they came to be recognized even at the brief stopovers of their journey, and considered in the light of migratory birds—quails, for instance, all silver and gray, who come and go once a year and always head for predetermined shores or groves, always the same year after year."

From "Incident in Venice": "The walls of the houses that hemmed in my courtyard were spotted over with crusts of salt and green slimy growth, and adorned with weird sculptured masses of broken rain gutters, plumbing tubes, external stairways, balconies, and closed-in adjuncts to the different apartments. This whole conglomeration reached a height of four or five stories, all without any precise order—as if layers and additions had been added or taken away, like stage props, for centuries. The spectacle had that aura of decadence and confusion which is the picturesque aspect of an ancient temperament, tenacious and restless, stolid and volatile at the same time, and which is, in fact, the temperament of my native Veneto and its people."

From "Emerita Anna's Daughters": "Since the light was never dim enough for her, she sometimes wore a large hat of Florentine straw to shade her dark, lucid eyes; it sat propped on her head, supported by her high knot of hair—a huge, brindled knot run through with hairpins that often flew ornaments of lace butterflies, flowers, or shimmering ribbons. The cats—one white, one black, and Rumbo, the fawn-colored—sat at her feet or beside her on the sofa as she knitted swiftly, the long steel needles tucked under her arms and kept in place by her rigid elbows, stiff at her sides.

"It was a world that seemed enclosed in a crystal globe, and I thought it was eternal, like the bouquets of wax flowers or the stopped clocks I used to see under glass domes on the tables of that house. And yet . . ."

ALL THE PEOPLE in the pictures of that exhibition in Rome and all the peaceful characters in Antonio Barolini's stories have vanished, but not into the senseless Babel where go the arrogant and the violent; they have only receded, gently, into the immortal company of the decent, the kind, the unselfish. Providentially, that company is never formed of the dead alone.

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Touhy's End

MILTON MAYER

THE STOLEN YEARS, by Roger Touhy, with Ray Brennan. *Pennington Press. $4.50.*

I suppose that nothing in Roger Touhy's life became him like the leaving it. When he was murdered in Chicago last December 16, after twenty-five years in prison and twenty-three days on parole, he finally got what he had been fighting for—attention to his case.

Only once before had he ever got close: in 1954 a Federal judge found him innocent of the kidnapping for which he'd been sent up. In a 774-page opinion, Judge John P. Barnes held that Touhy had been railroaded twenty years before by State's Attorney Tom Courtney of Cook County (Chicago) and Courtney's chief of police, Dan Gilbert. The idea was to kill one bird with two stones—to get rid of Touhy for Capone and to save the kidnappee, one Jake the Barber Factor, from extradition to England, where he was wanted on an eight-million-dollar swindle charge. The kidnapping, said Barnes, was a hoax. It was a successful one: Secretary of State Hull stayed Jake's extradition so that he could be around for Touhy's trial.

Anybody would have done for Factor's purpose, but Touhy was just the ticket. He was fighting the Capone mob on two fronts. The Capones were trying to take over his beer business along with some unions whose treasurers were friends of Touhy's. Touhy, said Judge Barnes, was the only obstacle between Capone and the unions. And the relationship between the state's attorney and the Capones was such, said the judge, that "during the entire period that Courtney was in office, no syndicate [Capone] man was ever convicted of a major crime . . . The syndicate could not operate without the approval of the [state's attorney's] office . . ." Courtney, incidentally, is now a judge himself.

So several people had reason then and later to want Touhy dead. And as long as he was in prison—his sentences added up to 298 years—he *was* dead. But parole gave him a chance. He was only sixty-one, and his twenty-five years of fighting his case had kept him marvelously spry.

As it happens, Jake the Barber was in Chicago the night of the murder. At the fatal instant he was in the company of a government tax accountant; Jake used to be a big gambler and he has income-tax trouble. Presently engaged in real estate, he keeps the rain off in Beverly Hills, California. Police Captain Emeritus Dan Gilbert also happened to be in Chicago when Touhy was plugged. Dan, too, is a southern Californian now. He is presently engaged in real estate. Back in 1950 Dan had almost stolen home on the Democratic ticket for sheriff when the Chicago *Sun-Times* discovered that he had paid taxes on an income of $45,000 although his salary was only $9,000. Of course some of the people who had wanted Touhy dead were dead themselves. Capone, for one. Capone had heirs and assigns, but their joints were creaking by this time and they were mostly retired to those parts of Florida where bad boys go when they don't die.

IF YOU WANT the details—except who killed Touhy—you can read Touhy's autobiography. He was a dead-end kid (and a parochial-school valedictorian), and when he was out of work after the First World War he got a trucking job and that's how he got into the beer business. (Transportation, next to water, was and is the most important ingredient of beer.)

True, he hired a lot of killers to keep from getting killed. True, too, some of the people who were found in ditches, or not found at all, were employees of his competitors in the beer business. They all lived outside the law—and all the beer drinkers with them—and died outside the law. Law-abiding society turned its legal powers over to people like Courtney and Gilbert and thought it had no further interest in the Touhys.

The moral is inescapable: Crime doesn't pay—not everybody, anyway.

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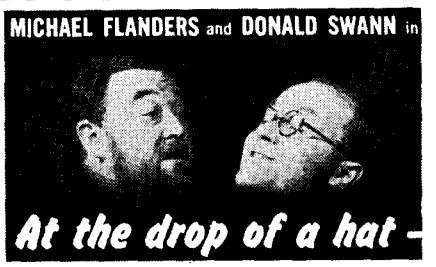

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